THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. II. NOVEMBER, 1895. No. 3.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

It has been generally understood, and we have ourselves stated, that Mr. Du Maurier's new novel is to be called *The Martians*. His publishers, however, inform us that *The Martian* is the correct title.

❀

Mr. James Lane Allen has just finished the second part of *A Kentucky Cardinal*, to be entitled *Aftermath*. The Messrs. Harper have decided to publish it in book form at once, and its appearance may be looked for shortly.

❀

The King's Stratagem, a little volume of short stories by Stanley Weyman, issued through the new firm, Messrs. Platt and Bruce, and published in September, reached a sale of 10,000 copies inside of four weeks.

❀

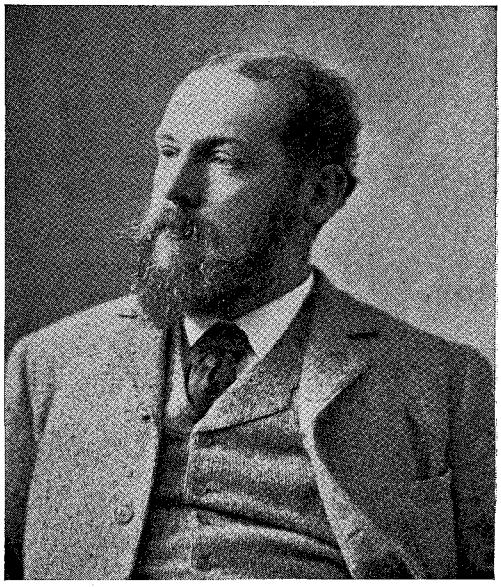
The *Literary World* has contributed to our list of amusing typographical errors by alluding to Mr. Stedman's forthcoming *Victorian Anthology* as the *Victorian Anthropology*. When the editor saw this in type he probably felt like committing anthropophagy.

❀

We desire to call Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's attention to the fact that the name of the famous Moorish city is not pronounced "Tetúan." Mr. Warner's uncertainty on this point made one of the lines of his little poem, "Bookra," in the October *Harper's* unmetrically broken-backed and painfully scazonic.

❀

Professor Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, whose sudden death was announced last month, was a very prominent and interesting figure among American men of letters. His vigorous personality, his bluff and sometimes brusque ways, and his great literary fecundity made his name everywhere known to a wide public. Beginning his literary career as a romanticist, he fell under the influence of Turgenieff, and from that time adopted to the full the realistic theories; yet he never assimilated them in his own



HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

work, for the novels that he wrote in his later years never sounded the true note of life, and he had evidently in abandoning the romantic creed given up more than he had received in return. As a poet, his verses failed to attain the level of his best prose, and are now probably little read.

❀

Professor Boyesen was at his best as a critic and expounder of literature. His literary essays have a delightful freshness and naturalness, and are al-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ways characterised by taste, feeling, and perfect sanity. He had a wide acquaintance with foreign men of letters, and was profoundly read in all departments of pure literature, especially in the Scandinavian and modern German; so that he brought to the critic's task the breadth of view and fulness of knowledge that are too often lacking. As a popular lecturer he was also remarkably successful, having a power of personal magnetism that held his audiences captive and inspired them with intense conviction. His friends felt a deep regret that for some years past he had devoted so much of his time to fugitive and ephemeral production; and as the great critical history of Scandinavian literature, which he had long aspired to write, was never actually begun, there must be added to their sense of personal loss the feeling that he died before the maturity and fruition of his highest powers had been attained.

❀

Professor W. M. Sloane, after finishing his life of Napoleon, should publish an appendix containing the new material which he discovered in the course of his researches, but did not include in his excellent work. For instance, he unearthed, in the governmental archives at Paris, certain letters of Pauline Bonaparte, which he was too verecund to give to the world in a magazine that is largely read by the Young Person, but which, nevertheless, reveal some very curious and rather remarkable facts about the *vie intime* of the great Corsican. If published, they would show with startling clearness the truth of Taine's contention that Napoleon was in reality a belated type of the mediæval Italian—a Borgia three centuries overdue.

❀

The Messrs. Scribner have begun the publication of a very interesting biographical series, which is to include the typical and historic women of the colonial and revolutionary days, and thus incidentally illustrate the domestic manners and customs of the different sections of the country—Puritan, Knickerbocker, and Cavalier. The first volume of the series is by Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, who has taken as her subject Margaret Winthrop, the wife of Governor John Winthrop of Massachusetts. The next three volumes will deal with Martha Washington, Dolly Madison, and Mercy Otis Warren, the sister of James Otis.

❀

The new romance upon which the Dutch novelist, Louis Couperus, has been engaged is entitled *Weltfrieden*, and has just been issued by Heinrich Minden, of Dresden. It is said to be a story of fascinating interest, which, while being complete in itself, also forms a sequel to that writer's former production, *Majestät*, published in an English translation last spring under the same title, *Majesty*, by the Messrs. Appleton.

❀

Mr. George Saintsbury, whose *Corrected Impressions* was published here by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company last January, has been appointed Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. Mr. Saintsbury, who is fifty years of age, was educated at King's College School, London, and at Merton College, Oxford. He was a master at the Manchester Grammar School in 1868, at Elizabeth College, Guernsey, from 1868 to 1874, and at Elgin Educational Institute from 1874 to 1876. During the last twenty years he has devoted himself exclusively to literary and journalistic work, and has been closely allied with the literary department of the Manchester *Guardian*. He is one of the best and most genial of living English critics. A portrait taken from his latest photograph appeared in the March number of THE BOOKMAN.

❀

Mr. Saintsbury will be the subject of a critical paper in a series of estimates of the chief living critics by eminent writers to appear in THE BOOKMAN. The first of the series begins with this number, in which Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson writes of Mr. W. E. Henley. Articles will follow on R. H. Hutton, of the *Spectator*, Leslie Stephen, Andrew Lang, and others. Under the title "Neglected Books; Appeals for Consideration," there commences in this number also a series of articles by leading critics on the claims of books which they think have been unreasonably neglected. Frederick Greenwood, S. Baring-Gould, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, and others are among the contributors.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A new novel by Miss Lily Dougall, entitled *A Question of Faith*, is announced to appear shortly from the press of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Miss Dougall aroused expectations by her first novel, *Beggars All*, published by the Messrs. Longmans about three years ago, which have scarcely been fulfilled in her later productions. We regret this because we feel that Miss Dougall is capable of sustaining the reputation of her first novel if she were not so weighted down by that bugbear of the lady novelist, the desire to preach. In *Beggars All* and *What Necessity Knows* she showed unusual imaginative force, literary quality of a rare kind in fiction, and the power to create startling situations. But whatever Miss Dougall—who, by the way, is a Canadian—touches, she adorns, and the freshness of her thought keeps pace with a manner of writing which is at least winning if not always entertaining.

❀

Great things are expected of Mr. Anthony Hope's new serial. The title fixed upon at present is *Phrozo*. The scene is laid in a Greek island which has been bought by a young English lord. The inhabitants conspire to slay the new proprietor. Phrozo is a Greek beauty with whom he falls in love. The rest is not obvious—Anthony Hope is too clever for that; and those who have read the story speak of it in the most enthusiastic terms as the best serial they have ever seen.

❀

Mrs. W. K. Clifford, who writes the first article of the series on "Neglected Books," which appears on another page, first became known to fame as the author of *Mrs. Keith's Crime*, a novel much talked of in its day, but since somewhat eclipsed by the popularity of her *Aunt Anne*. Besides these two character studies, she has written several striking stories of slighter bulk, notably: *Wild Proxy*, *Love Letters of a Worldly Woman*, and *The Last Touches*. She has a new novel in the press entitled *A Flash of Summer*, which she has largely rewritten since its appearance as a serial story in the *Illustrated London News*. She is the widow of the late Professor W. K. Clifford, one of the most brilliant mathematicians of the century.

One of the busiest of young writers in London is Mr. William Le Queux, who is in charge of the literary department of the *Globe*. Since the publication of his very successful *Great War in England in 1897*, which is in its ninth edition, he has made considerable preparations for several novels and stories. *Zoraida*, a

WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

romance of the harem and the great Sahara, recently published by the Messrs. Stokes and noticed on another page, is in its third edition in England. Before writing this romance he made several journeys among the Arabs, where his knowledge of Arabic stood him in good stead. *Stolen Souls*, a society novel, will also be published shortly by the Messrs. Stokes; and the author has another novel now in the press, entitled *The Temptress*, the scenes of which are laid mainly in New Caledonia, the French convict settlement, and partly in Paris. The story deals with a gang of French swindlers, of whom the "temptress" is the leader. Other books of Mr. Le Queux's are *Guilty Bonds* and *Strange Tales of a Nihilist*.

❀

Once in a while the newspapers publish an account of some gentleman, re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spected, wealthy, happy in his domestic life, and with no shadow of a scandal hanging over him, who steps casually out into the street, suddenly disappears from sight, and is never seen again. Something like this occasionally happens also in literature. A book is published which every one reads and which gives promise of a good career for its author. The time arrives when it would naturally be reviewed and spoken of, and take a recognised place among the successful publications of the year, and then suddenly—it disappears. No one reviews it. No one speaks of it. It is seen on the shelves of no great bookseller. So far as any critical recognition is concerned, it is lost to sight and swallowed up in mysterious oblivion. An instance that we have in mind is the very unusual and striking piece of realism entitled *Dr. Phillips*. It was published some six years ago, and it exists to-day in half a dozen cheap reprints that continually sell; but the present writer has never yet seen a review of it, nor has he ever heard one single person mention it. Yet it is a really remarkable piece of work—vivid, acute, intense, and in its later chapters powerfully tragical. Thousands of persons have read it with absorbing interest. Why is it, then, in one sense, non-existent?

❀

We know why, and we are going to explain, because the explanation is so interesting, smacking as it does of trapdoors and secret passages and unseen forms lurking behind the arras and all the other mysterious things that delight one's sense of the romantic. The novel deals with a certain stratum of Jewish society in London—the ultra-orthodox, commercial, narrow-minded, Christian-hating set—and it is written with a minuteness of knowledge that is fairly startling, reproducing as it does with photographic accuracy the least details of domestic and social life down to the chatter of the parlours and an enumeration of the dishes eaten at the card-parties, until as we read we can almost smell the fried fish and see the grease. It is a marvel of revelation, and it greatly offended the Jewish portion of the community when it appeared. We do not see why it should have done so, as it is less repulsive in its way than George Gissing's treatment of the very similar non-Jewish class of Londoners in his *Year of Jubilee*. But it did; and straightway influences were set to work to involve it in a great impenetrable silence that should blight it at its birth. It is wonderful how effectively this has been done; for while the book has been read by many, it has been noticed by few; and to-day it cannot be purchased save in a cheap, paper-covered edition on the stands of the second-hand dealers. There is something really uncanny about this, and even in writing of it we feel much as Bluebeard's wife must have felt when she thrust the rusty key into the lock and opened the creaking door of the forbidden chamber. Yet the very weirdness of the incident is fascinating, and it all goes to show that in these days it is not Isaac of York who is hurried off to Torquilstone to be plunged into a noisome cell; but it is rather Isaac himself who waylays Front de Bœuf and entertains him with the pincers and the thumb-screw.

❀

Apart from this special interest which it possesses, *Dr. Phillips* is to be noticed as the first novel to be written confessedly from the inspiration afforded by George Moore. Its author, "Frank Danby," is a lady who was an early and intense admirer of Mr. Moore. She called him her "master," and he still speaks of her as his "pupil," though they are no longer friends. This book, *Dr. Phillips*, was written under Moore's eye, and when finished was taken by him to Mr. Vizetelly, the publisher, with a very strong commendation of its merits. Mr. Vizetelly read it over and saw its power; but owing to certain crudities of expression and the unnecessary coarseness of some of its details, he refused to publish it as it was. It was then revised, and, much to its advantage, the most objectionable features were partially excised. Mr. Vizetelly then published it with the result described above.

❀

Since that time, for reasons which no one seems to understand, a great coolness has arisen between Mr. Moore and his brilliant disciple; and a few months ago when *Celibates* appeared, "Frank Danby" made a most elaborate and very aggravating attack upon the book over her own name in the *Saturday Review*. Mr. Moore is too old a hand to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

write answers to ordinary critics; but this stab, coming as it did from his own "pupil," was too much. He replied in the next number of the *Review*, emptying all the vials of his scorn upon his "pupil's" head. He disowned her as unworthy of him. He accused her of ignorance of the English language. He twitted her with her personal obligations to him. He insinuated that she was only a Philistine. He even called her a coarse-minded person. Altogether it is a very pretty quarrel; but it is a sad beginning for the creation of a great Moore school of fiction.

❀

Apropos of Mr. Vizetelly's alterations in the original text of *Dr. Phillips*, a very interesting paper might be written on the changes which publishers have made in manuscripts of famous books as an essential condition of their acceptance. The latest instance that we know of is to be found in the *Heavenly Twins*. Madame Sarah Grand had elaborated the medical particulars of Edith's illness in that novel to such an extent that even Mr. Heinemann (who is not easily shocked) felt it necessary to interpose; and so the chapter in question has much less resemblance to a treatise on dermatology than it had when it left the author's hands. Bearing in mind the unusual bulk of the novel, and the remarkable frankness of what remains, one cannot but feel that the reading world is much indebted to Mr. Heinemann's editorial good sense.

❀

Miss Gertrude Hall, whose *Foam of the Sea, and Other Stories* was recently published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, is a daughter of Madame Edna Hall, the celebrated vocal teacher in Boston. Miss Hall is a native of Boston, but her academic years were spent in Europe, where she lived for nine years, chiefly at Florence. A volume of *Verses* by her appeared in 1890; *Far from To-day*, in 1892; and *Allegretto*, in 1894. She is also responsible for the *Translations from the Poems of Paul Verlaine*, published by Messrs. Stone and Kimball last spring.

GERTRUDE HALL.

❀

Mr. William Edwards Tirebuck, whose new novel, *Miss Grace of All Souls*, is reviewed on another page, is an English novelist who is not so well known on this side as he deserves to be. Mr. Tirebuck was early associated with Mr. Hall Caine in the literary movements of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILLIAM EDWARDS TIREBUCK.

day, and although he has been outstripped by the author of *The Manxman*, we have still high hopes of his ultimate success and popularity.

❀

M. Bréal, the distinguished French archæologist, in a lecture lately published, speaking of the etymology and history of the Etruscan word *usil*, says that it appears in the Latin *Aurelia*, and in the name of the French town Orléans, adding incidentally that it has crossed the Atlantic *pour baptiser l'un des États de la république Américaine ;* from which it is evident that this very learned man thinks New Orleans a State. How like an archæologist—especially a French archæologist !

❀

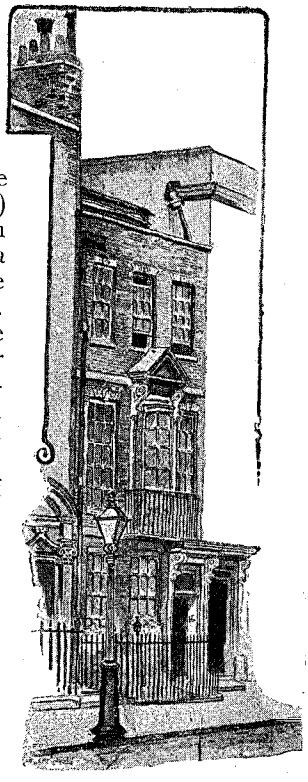
After all, one does not expect much knowledge of American geography from a Frenchman, or from an Englishman either, for that matter. Hence we are not surprised to find the *Spectator* speaking of the battle between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* as having been fought in the Charleston River ! But when it comes to European topography, it really is astonishing to stumble upon such an error as that journal recently committed in reviewing *The Grasshoppers*, when it actually spoke of the book as giving an interesting picture of "society in Holland," and of Herr Hansen as "a Dutchman." Evidently the *Spectator* has a private atlas of its own, on which Hamburg is included in the Netherlands.

❀

If it were only geography in which the esteemed English went astray, one might overlook it ; but here is an English publisher announcing a life of Admiral Farragut, and speaking of him as "the great Confederate admiral ;" and in Dr. John Nichol's book on English literature we find, among his list of American women writers, Mrs. S. M. B. *Pratt*, Nora *Percy*, Alice *Welling* Rollins, *Helen* Mackay Hutchinson, Owen *Insley*, and Mrs. Zadel Barnes *Gustapon !*

❀

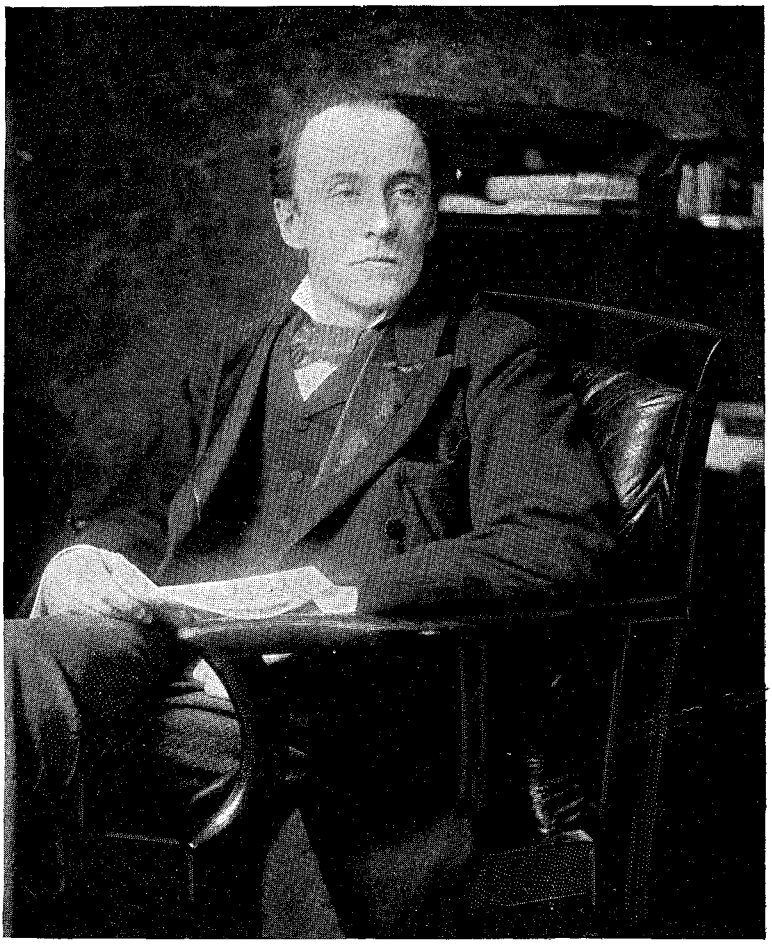
This sketch of Mr. Anthony Hope's house represents the exterior of 16 Buckingham Street, Strand, close to Charing Cross Station, which contains the den where he puts on his working coat (the one with the hole in the sleeve) and sits down with the punctuality of a bank clerk to the work of the day. "I reach here," he says, "at a quarter to ten in the morning, and work on till four in the afternoon, or even later. I do not set myself any fixed task to be performed each day, but work rather by time, and take what Heaven sends. I am a quick worker, and though I never re-write, I revise carefully, and am very fidgety over my work." He reads little. "I



ANTHONY HOPE'S HOUSE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have so little time for reading. When I can read, I prefer novels, and my favourite authors are Meredith, Kipling, and Stevenson. I am also fond of Norris's work." As a boy he was greatly impressed by Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, which he used to take to bed with him, and fall asleep to dream of Apollyon, and, later, when at school, he became a great reader of Ballantyne, his favourite being *The Three Middies*. He rarely reads poetry, and more wonderful still, has never written a verse of poetry, "with the solitary exception of a valentine."



Yours very truly
Anthony Hope Hawkins

❀

Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins was born in Hackney in 1863, and his life has been uneventful—"humdrum," he calls it. *A Man of Mark*, published in 1889 at his own expense, was his first book, and was not a financial success, though its recent republication has made ample amends for its first reception. At this time he looked on the bar as his career in life, and, far from thinking of literature as a profession, he simply wrote for amusement. *Father Stafford*, published in 1890, was his second book, also a financial failure; then followed the writing of short stories for the *St. James's Gazette*, several of which were republished in the volume entitled *Sport Royal*. *Mr. Witt's Widow*, published in 1892, was more successful; *A Change of Air* and *Half a Hero* were published the following year—*Half a Hero*, by the way, has just been reissued by the Messrs. Harper in a new edition; then he wrote *The Prisoner of Zenda*, which established his reputation. Subsequent books of his are *The Dolly Dialogues*, *The God in the Car*, *The Indiscretion of the Duchess*, and at present he is engaged on a series of romantic stories, the scene of which is laid in an imaginary Italian republic in the Middle Ages.

❀

Mr. Hope has been the recipient of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

several flattering invitations to spend a lecturing tour in America; but we have it on his own authority that he has refused them all. "Some day," he says, "I may go; but there is plenty of time for that."

❀

It is interesting to note that the two books most popular with the reading public during the past year have also furnished the material for two of the most popular plays. *Trilby* and *The Prisoner of Zenda* in the hands of the dramatist have been having a run almost if not quite equal to their literary vogue. The reasons for this reversal of the usual rule are quite diverse. Mr. Paul Potter's play has received very warm commendation for its own merits; yet we think that its success is hardly due to its intrinsic excellence. The subtle qualities of Mr. Du Maurier's novel are not and could not be transferred to the stage; and the play would almost certainly not appeal to any one who had not read the book. It would, in fact, hardly be intelligible to a person unfamiliar with the novel. Yet as every one does know the novel, the play succeeds because it gives pictorially the same story. Those who have wept with Trilby and laughed with Zou Zou and the Laird like to see the scenes put before them picturesquely, and they read into it from their memories of the book the qualities which none of the actors can in reality exhibit by their art. Yet any one who sees the play and really thinks that it is satisfactory in itself must be a person who has missed the esoteric excellence of the novel.

MR. SOTHERN IN THE CORONATION SCENE IN "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA."

From a photograph by Sarony.

❀

The Prisoner of Zenda, on the other hand, as dramatised by Mr. Rose, is a fine play absolutely; and even those who know not the book, if there be any such, cannot fail to find the drama one of vivid interest. The novel, in fact, is one that was made for the stage, and so intensely dramatic are its incidents that the playwright had an easy task. It would have been difficult, in fact, to make a dull version of it, so stirring, ingenious, and vividly objective is the story. The play is admirably acted, but Mr. Sothern is obviously overweighted by the unwontedly heroic part that he essays. As Rudolf, playing the king, he is not only far from kingly, but he scarcely conveys the impression of high breeding and reckless daring. In the coronation scene he comes the nearest to the ideal, with his helmet and the added height given him by his built-up heels; in the other parts of the drama he has a way of standing with his neck bent forward and an expression of meekness that is not far from being abject. In the interview with Hentzau, who is admirably presented in all his dare-devil

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

force and recklessness, Mr. Sothern makes one quite uneasy by the painful contrast that he offers to the bold swashbuckler. His best work is in the prison-scene, where he is relieved from the necessity of looking heroic, and merely grovels in his straw and moans. Here his acting is exceedingly effective.

By the way, some high theatrical authority should lay down a definite law as to the dramatic purposes of broken English. At present the stage conventions are confusing. Take *Trilby*, for instance. In the studio scene Madame Vinard speaks delicious French-English. This would seem to imply that the dialogue is supposed to be in English. But the grisettes, and Antony, and the rest of the crowd speak, on the stage, English that has no trace of accent. Does this represent, conventionally, that they are speaking French? If so, why should Madame Vinard not do the same? Moreover, Zou Zou occasionally indulges in actual French, as does also the Laird; therefore it is evident that the previous conversation must have been in English. Yet can we assume that the inhabitants of the Latin Quarter all use our language like native Englishmen? Altogether it is very puzzling, and rather detracts from the illusion. A consistent rule would require all persons who are supposed to be speaking French to read their lines in broken English, in order to give the Gallic colour; or else declare there should be no broken English at all. Will some dramatic authority please to take this matter up?

GRACE KIMBALL AS THE PRINCESS FLAVIA IN "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA."

From a photograph by Sarony.

❀

Mr. Edward Rose, who has been successful in dramatising *The Prisoner of Zenda* in collaboration with the author, is already known as a successful dramatic author, and also as an actor. He is a man of versatile talent. He is the dramatic critic of the London *Sunday Times*, and his charming descriptions of the "Stately Homes of England," in the *Illustrated London News*, have attracted wide attention. It was Mr. Rose who dramatised Anstey's fanciful story, *Vice-Versa*, and he wrote a play called *Agatha Tylden*, which was put on the Haymarket by Mrs. Langtry. He has done more important work than this; but, says a representative of the London *Sketch*, "it is of *Zenda*, as he familiarly calls it, of which he is willing to speak, and will allow no reference to his previous work."

❀

"I received the book from Arrowsmith one evening," so Mr. Rose tells the story, "and happened to commence its perusal at once. I read on till bed-time, and then took the book to bed with me. Well, I finished it, and, as I lay thinking over it, instead of going to sleep, I said to myself, 'Here is the very story for a play!' It seemed as though it had been written for the purpose almost. The characters and incidents grouped themselves naturally into acts. It seemed quite plain sailing. At this time, I must tell you, I knew nothing whatever about Mr. Anthony Hope; but next morning I wrote to Arrowsmith for his address, and, when I received it, I wrote to Mr. Hope, asking him if he would agree to let me dramatise the story. He consented, and that is how the work started. I must say I never met an author with whom it was so

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pleasant to have dealings. Plenty of them cannot believe otherwise than that the story in the play must stand exactly as it is in the book, quite regardless of stage requirements; but Mr. Hope is not one of these—

EDWARD ROSE.

"'Oh, but look here, Rose,' interjected Mr. Hope, 'you know very well that all your suggestions were of the most reasonable character; I could not possibly take exception to them.'

"Well," continued Mr. Rose, "there were some very interesting things that happened in that moat, but we had to do without them. That was a pity, but I do not think there was any way out of the difficulty. As for the rest, the story is pretty closely adhered to until we come to the coronation scene. That, too, was impossible to represent on the stage—at least, it was impossible to do justice to it, and anything less would have cheapened the performance. However, I thought over the matter very carefully, as here was an opportunity for a remarkably effective spectacular display. Now, I am glad to say that this scene will be, I think, a feature of the representation. The guests are seen going to the grand ceremony and returning from it. Although the coronation itself cannot be seen, I do not think the public will really miss very much in having to imagine it. The procession affords a really gorgeous show, and the dresses are super-magnificent. You know that the scene of the imaginary kingdom of Ruritania is really laid in Germany, so, as far as possible, the uniforms and dresses are of a German character. For the rest, I think you know all, and I really believe I have nothing else to tell you.

"'Oh, yes! there is something else,' put in Mr. Hope. 'The truth is, Mr. Rose is altogether too modest a person, and, in sounding my praises, he has neglected his own performances. The fact that I acquiesced in all Mr. Rose's suggestions in regard to his dramatisation of the play, you will take, I hope, as an expression of my strongest approval of his work in that direction. But there is another thing which, as I have said, he neglected to tell you. There is a prologue to the play, and that prologue is entirely the work of Mr. Rose. I think it is an excellent idea, for the prologue contains the explanation of those circumstances in the story which it would not be easy to furnish on the stage.'"

❀

Mr. Blackmore's new Exmoor romance, *Slain by the Doones*, will be published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company on November 10th. It is not, as has been stated elsewhere, a sequel to his famous story, but it has to do with the same place and period, and some of its characters are identical with those of *Lorna Doone*—the renowned John Ridd, for instance, reappears at a critical stage of the story. Three other tales, hitherto unpublished in book form, are added to the volume.

❀

Lorna Doone, with which Mr. Blackmore's name is most often associated, in spite of the fact that he has written a dozen or more works of fiction since its publication in 1869, was not the author's first venture in literature. Nine years previous he had essayed poetry, of which he published several volumes, and a translation of the first two of Vergil's *Georgics*, under the title *The Farm and Fruit of Old*. His first novel, *Clara*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vaughan, written in 1852, was not printed until 1864. Mr. Blackmore does not encourage talk about his manner of work, and seems to care more for his trees and plants, which he insists are the real things; his writing is done of an evening, during which time, so careful and painstaking is his method, he may complete no more than a paragraph at a sitting. This substantiates the story which some one relates of him how, on inquiring for the house of Mr. Blackmore, the author, no one seemed to know him, until a gleam of intelligence entered the mind of one person, who replied, "Perhaps 'tis the fruit man he means! Follow along the wall to the gate, sir," and, sure enough, it was Mr. Blackmore who was thus described. Mr. Blackmore has also a strong unwillingness to let his readers look upon his face; as he puts it with characteristic humour which has a grimness about it, "It appears to me that any man sticking himself up to gaze at his own title-page, and so blinking at his readers, lowers himself by his self-elevation. I keep out of all such curiosity. If I can say a thing to please the public, there is pleasure on both sides; but as for labouring to look to please them, what is the wise man's dictum on the subject? 'More people know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows.' Let him first know himself."

❀

Mr. Blackmore is nearing seventy, and has spent most of his life in the country, passing his days in that atmosphere of "princely serenity" which pervades all his work. Though of Berkshire birth, he comes of a Devonshire family, and his boyhood was spent in Devon. He graduated at Exeter College, Oxford, and studied law at the Middle Temple, but soon forswore law for letters. His home has long been a few miles out of London, in the valley of the upper Thames, where, behind a great brick wall, he is surrounded with fruit trees and flowers, and mingles the delights of literature and market-gardening. Here he lives a retired life in one of those enviable backwaters of life where he is sheltered from Fame's troublous waves, and, when in need of change, goes a-fishing. Seldom is he seen in London or by his fellow-authors. The writer remembers reading some years ago how Mr. Blackmore and Mr. William Black met at St. Stephen's Club, in London, and how the latter author delighted his senior with the story of his being toasted at a dinner while in this country as "Mr. Black, gentlemen, the greatest of living novelists, the author of *Lorna Doone*"!

❀

Apropos of what we said in a recent number of Mr. Crockett's Christian names and their connection with the well-known Covenanting divine, Samuel Rutherford, it may be news to many to learn that the author of *Lorna Doone* is a descendant, on the maternal side, of Dr. Doddridge, author of the famous *Rise and Fall*, and that Mr. Blackmore's middle name was given him in consequence, his full name being Richard Doddridge Blackmore.

H. RIDER HAGGARD.

At a dinner of the Authors' Club in London, given in honour of Mr. Rider Haggard, Sir Walter Besant regaled the members with some pleasant observations on his three favourite books. "The first of these is Zola's *L'Assommoir*. The second is *She*, which I read in a single night; it was impossible while the book was in my hand to take my eyes from a single page. The third is *The Light that Failed*. These three books simply seized me; written by different authors, yet all have that same

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

firm grip, by which I mean that if you begin them you simply have to go on with them." Mr. Rider Haggard's *Joan Haste*, which is noticed on another page, is a new departure by this sanguinary author in fiction. The portrait of Mr. Haggard on the preceding page is taken from a recent photograph.

❀

The author of *The Simple Adventures of a Mem Sahib*, which, by the way, as Mrs. Cotes confesses, is founded on fact, is

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN (MRS. COTES).

the subject of a chat in the October number of the *Idler*, which for suggestiveness, wit, and *bonhomie* is one of the finest pieces of dialogue we have seen in interviewing for some time. Mrs. Cotes has just returned to Calcutta, which, she says, "is a good place to write in. Life is one long holiday—I speak as a Mem Sahib, of course, not as a collector. And there is such abundance of material in Anglo-Indian life—it is full of such picturesque incident, such tragic chance." Mrs. Cotes has left behind her an Indian novel which is in Mr. Watts's hands, and which will make its first appearance as a serial in one of the magazines. Mrs. Cotes was born in Canada.

❀

Mrs. Cotes relates the following humorous incident with regard to the spelling of Hindustani. "I have felt uncertain about the spelling of Hindustani words," she says, "ever since a retired Anglo-Indian wrote to me from Bournemouth, enclosing a list of forty-one mistakes in *The Simple Adventures of a Mem Sahib*. He had passed a number of examinations—he mentioned them—and proved every case by the Hunterian method, which is arranged on principles that spell 'Cawnpore,' 'Kahnpur,' for instance, and 'Lucknow,' 'Lakhnau.' *Mem Sahib's* Hindustani, in which the forty-one mistakes appeared, is less scientific, but it answers very well—the natives understand it"—which is conclusive.

❀

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company have been very successful with their edition of Dumas, and have just added six new volumes to the series. The Messrs. Dent, of London, publish this edition in England for the Boston firm, and they have also made an arrangement to issue an English edition of Messrs. Little, Brown's Sienkiewicz Polish romances. An important and unusually interesting art romance, from the French of George Sand, will soon be published by this house, entitled *The Master Mosaic-Workers*. It is a story of Venice in the time of Titian and Tintoretto, who figure prominently in the work. Apart from the vivid and glowing descriptions which it gives of St. Mark's and the art tragedies centred about it, the story itself is one of exquisite beauty and great power.

❀

Messrs. Fleming H. Revell and Company have started a dainty series of booklets, bound in delicate leatherette boards, with illustrations. The Renaissance Series, as it is called, contains stories by Miss Mary E. Wilkins, Rosa Nouchette Carey, and David Lyall. *Brother Lawrence* and *The Swiss Guide*, an allegory, by Dr. Parkhurst, are included in this series, which is deserving of a wide circulation. The same firm have just published Mr. Bok's "Young Man's Book for Young Men," with the finger-post title, *Successward*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two notable books in missionary literature are about to issue from the press of Messrs. Revell. One of them is entitled *From Far Formosa*, and from the advance sheets which we have seen it appears to be a book of extraordinary interest and information. Dr. MacKay, who for twenty years has been a missionary on the island and who knows Formosa better than any other living man, is able to give the reading world that knowledge of the conditions of life in Formosa which the China-Japan War has made us curious to learn, but which for the most part has been meagrely attained for lack of reliable information. Apart from this, the record of Dr. MacKay's work will stamp him as a hero among missionary pioneers, and the book will undoubtedly take a foremost place in the literature of the subject. The other book which we refer to is an account of the missionary labours in China of John Livingston Nevius, written by his wife. Both these books are profusely illustrated.

❀

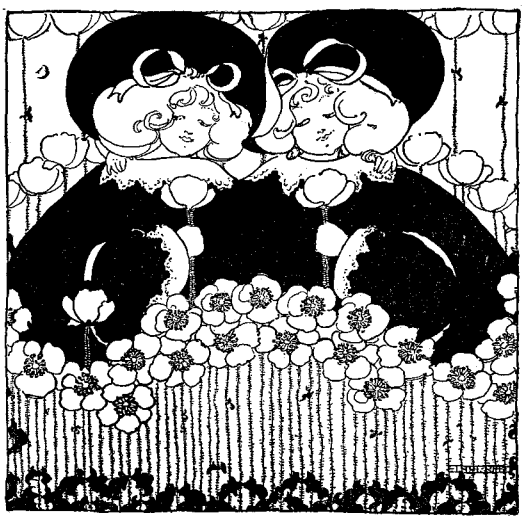
Balzac's popularity would seem to be on the increase, judging by the editions which are continually surprising us by their appearance. There are at least four new editions on the market this autumn, and now we learn that Messrs. Roberts Brothers, elated with the success of Miss Wormeley's translations, are about to commence operations on a sumptuous edition, crown octavo, uncut edges, to be complete in forty volumes and limited to one thousand sets. Antique paper will be used, and each volume will contain several Goupil gravures from drawings made by prominent French artists who have entered on the work as a labour of love for the great French master. This undertaking will involve an immense expenditure, but the Messrs. Roberts are confident of success. Thirty-five out of the forty twelvemo volumes of Balzac, translated by Miss Wormeley, have now been published ; and their reception, the publishers say, has been most encouraging and beyond their sanguine expectations.

❀

The new and handsome edition of Henry Kingsley's novels which Messrs. Ward, Lock and Bowden are exploiting has reached this month its twelfth volume, which contains *The Boy in Grey, and Other Stories*. It is not surprising that the resuscitation of Kingsley's work (which, by the way, has always been considered by the first critics of the day to be superior to that of his brother Charles) should be meeting with success. Few editors in London are so keen to scent the popular taste as Mr. Clement K. Shorter, who edits this edition of Kingsley. An added attraction in the present volume is the biographical sketch of the author by his nephew, Maurice Kingsley, which in itself makes interesting reading, and is a valuable contribution to the biography of the subject.

❀

The author of that remarkable story, *The Rousing of Mrs. Potter*, of which



Mr. Howells speaks highly, has attempted a unique publication for children which that strikingly original designer, Miss Ethel Reed, has made doubly captivating by her charming designs, one of which we take pleasure in reproducing. *The Arabella and Araminta Stories*, by Gertrude Smith, will make one of the most irresistible nonsense books for children which has been issued for a long time. Miss Mary E. Wilkins has been so delighted with the work that she has taken a share in the joy of its production by writing an introduction for it. Messrs. Copeland and Day are the publishers, which is a guarantee for the picturesque and singular attractiveness of the bookmaking expended on this curious publication.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We are to have three translated works of Max Nordau's very soon from the press of Mr. F. Tennyson Neely—namely, *The Farce of Feeling; or, Deceitful Emotions*, a comedy of sentiment; *The Ailment of the Century*, and *The Right to Love*, which will be published at $1.50 each. The same firm announce *The Land of Promise*, by Paul Bourget, to contain fifteen original wood-engravings for the same price. *The King in Yellow*, by Robert Chambers, published some time ago by Mr. Neely, has just made its appearance in England, where it seems to be meeting with cordial praise from the critics. The saleable qualities of Captain King's work is well known, so that it is not wonderful to see his *Fort Frayne* appear in a sixth edition already.

❀

A battle royal is raging intermittently in England over the merits and demerits of Mr. William Watson as a poet. The champions of Mr. Watson's greatness are Mr. Traill, Mr. Grant Allen, and especially Mr. R. H. Hutton, of the *Spectator*, all of whom assert his right to be ranked as the noblest among living English poets, and who greet each new product of his Muse with a chorus of admiring exultation. On the other side, the *advocatus diaboli* is the editor of the *Saturday Review*, in whose columns appear blasts of lofty scorn under such uncomplimentary headings as "Mr. William Watson, Minor Poet." The *Review* sneers at his pretence of classical learning; says that his inspiration is all second-hand; that "his genius is not vigorous, full-blooded, independent, but feeble, anæmic, derivative," and that "the *Spectator's* praise is unmeasured and insane, and worthy only of the uncritical pen of a reckless log-roller!"

❀

Thus the fight goes merrily on, and though no one says so, it is easy to see that the prize of battle is really the vacant office of Poet Laureate, to which Mr. Watson's friends have high hopes that he will succeed. He has already won official recognition in the recent grant to him by the Government of an annual pension of £100; and there is good reason for thinking that the laurel crown may yet be his. The controversy is undoubtedly embittered by the personal animus of the *Saturday Review* against the *Spectator*; for now that the elections are over, the alliance between the two is relaxed, and, as in many other political friendships, an underlying dislike is coming to the surface.

❀

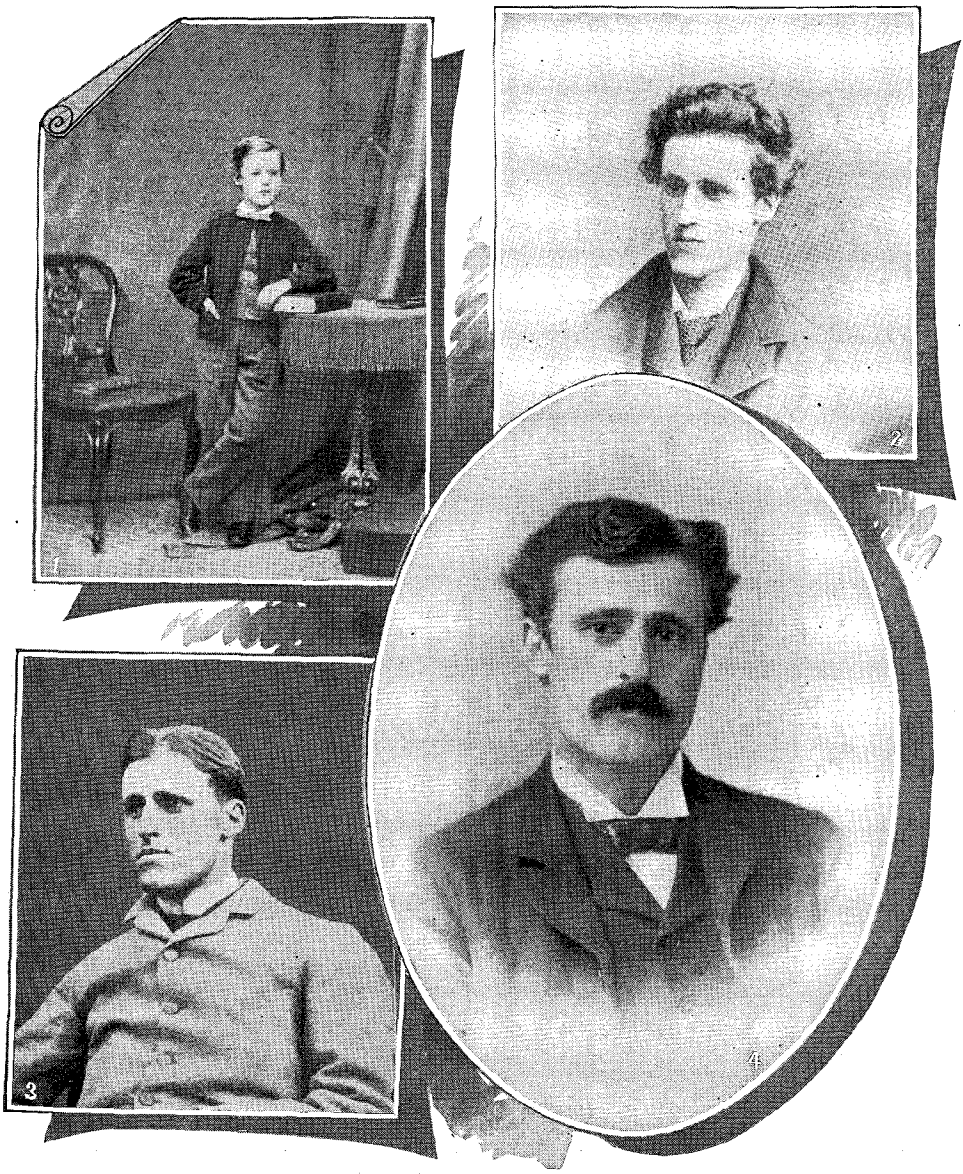
Looking at the whole contest from an impartial American standpoint, we think that as a purely literary question, the *Spectator* is more nearly in the right than the *Saturday Review*. It is true that Mr. Watson is a rather bookish poet, and that his most splendid similes smell of the lamp; that he sometimes mistakes trochees for spondees (as who does not, in writing English elegiacs?), and that there is little or no passion in even his finest work; yet when all has been said, he is still a writer of very noble and stately lines—a poet of exceptional elevation, taste, discretion, and melody. It is not too much to say that while no living versifier could come after Tennyson without suffering from the comparison, Mr. Watson's appointment as Laureate would be received everywhere with respect; and this is surely very high and unusual praise.

❀

Here are some of his recent lines that justify the warmest eulogy, and that give a very excellent idea of his quality when at his best. The first is from his *Hymn to the Sea*, of which the fine prelude appeared in THE BOOKMAN for June:

"Man that is galled with his confines and burdened yet more with his vastness,
Born too great for his ends, never at peace with his goal;
Man whom Fate, his victor, magnanimous, clement in triumph,
Holds as a captive king, mewed in a palace divine:
Wide its leagues of pleasance and ample of purview its windows;
Airily falls, in its courts, laughter of fountains at play;
Nought, when the harpers are harping, untimely reminds him of durance;
None, as he sits at the feast, whisper Captivity's name.
But would he parley with Silence, withdraw for awhile unattended,
Forth to the beckoning world 'scape for an hour and be free,
Lo, his adventurous fancy coercing at once and provoking,
Rise the unscalable walls built with a word at the prime;
Lo, immobile as statues, with pitiless faces of iron,
Armed at each obstinate gate stand the impassable guards."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WILLIAM WATSON.

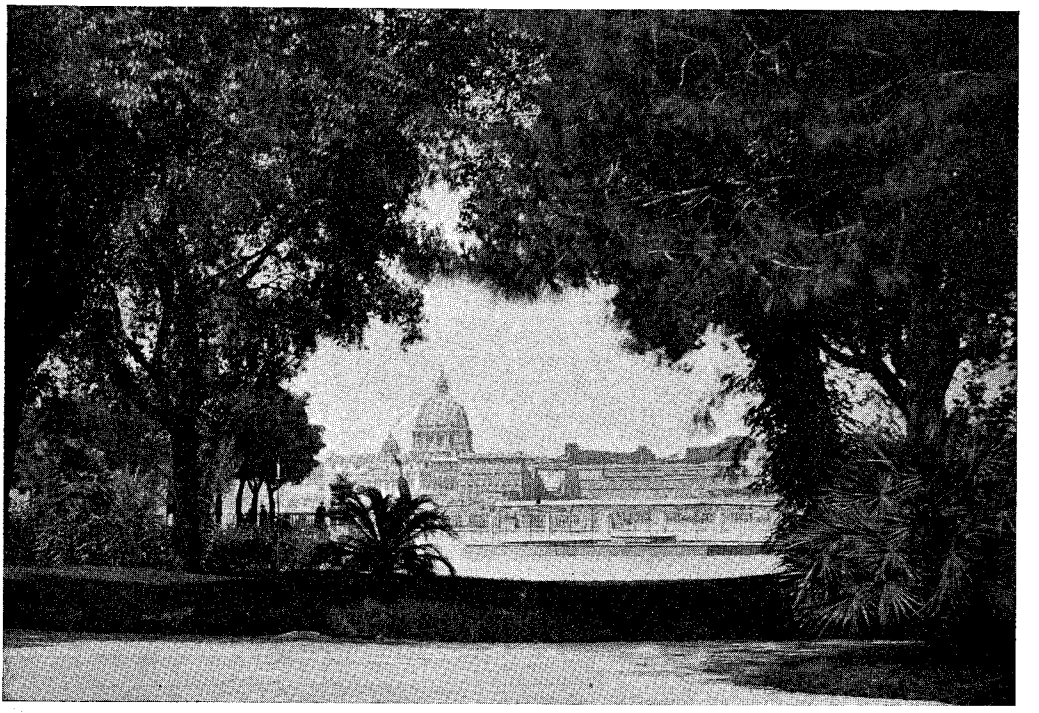
1. Aged 9. 2. Aged 19. 3. Aged 26. 4. At the present day.

The second is from his much-admired sonnet on England :

"How England once before the days of bale,
Throned above trembling, puissant, grandiose, calm,
Held Asia's richest jewel in her palm ;
And with unnumbered isles barbaric she
The broad hem of her glistening robe impearled ;
Then when she wound her arms about the world,
And had for vassal the obsequious sea."

As THE BOOKMAN goes to press, the daily papers are giving currency to a report cabled from London to the effect that Lord Salisbury has decided to appoint Sir Edwin Arnold to the vacant Laureateship. It is devoutly to be hoped that this rumour is untrue, lest the English-speaking world come to feel that the days of Nahum Tate have returned.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ST. PETER'S AND THE TIBER FROM THE PINCIAN HILL.

ROMA RECENTIORUM.

Strange blending of the old and new,
  Of all that men have thought and done,
The right, the wrong, the false, the true,
  The past, the present, all in one.
    Here sleep the mighty pagan dead
      Where now stands forth the crucifer,
    And many a temple rears its head
      To tell of Christ and Jupiter.

Where once, before the naked Gaul,
  Rome's infant power swayed and shook,
Here on the stately Capitol
  Now swarm the hordes of Mr. Cook ;
    While, gazing down the Sacred Way
      By hoary Vesta's ruined wall,
    The cockney tourist chirps to-day
      His ditty of the music-hall.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where Claudia mocked the rabble rout
And laughed its helpless rage to see,
Now giggles as she flits about
Some pert-faced minx from Chicopee ;
And where great Cæsar passed in state
And where Catullus kept his tryst,
Now potters with uncertain gait
The blear-eyed archæologist.

Here, too, one time, the pallid nuns
Called on the saints with timorous trust,
While from the hills the ape-faced Huns
Grinned with the joy of blood and lust.
Now, though the Roman maids no more
The fierce barbaric host expect,
Their hapless city quails before
The modern Hun—the architect.

Builder and tourist, Hun and Gaul,
Like flies in some stupendous dome
Flit harmless by ; not one nor all
Can mar thy majesty, O Rome !
They come, they go, they pass away,
While still undimmed thy splendours shine ;
To them belongs the fleeting day,
But all the centuries are thine.

To see at dawn the hills of Rome
Ablaze with gold and amethyst ;
To watch Saint Peter's distant dome
Swim in the evening's silver mist—
This draws aside a curtain vast,
And, as the kingly dead appear,
The murmuring pulses of the past
Reveal the heart of History here ;

For Age transmuted into Youth
Dwells on this consecrated spot ;
Here speaks from God the voice of Truth,
Here dwells the Faith that changes not.
The world's desire, the nations' dower,
Find here their one eternal home—
Glory and grace and deathless power,
Blent in the mighty name of Rome !

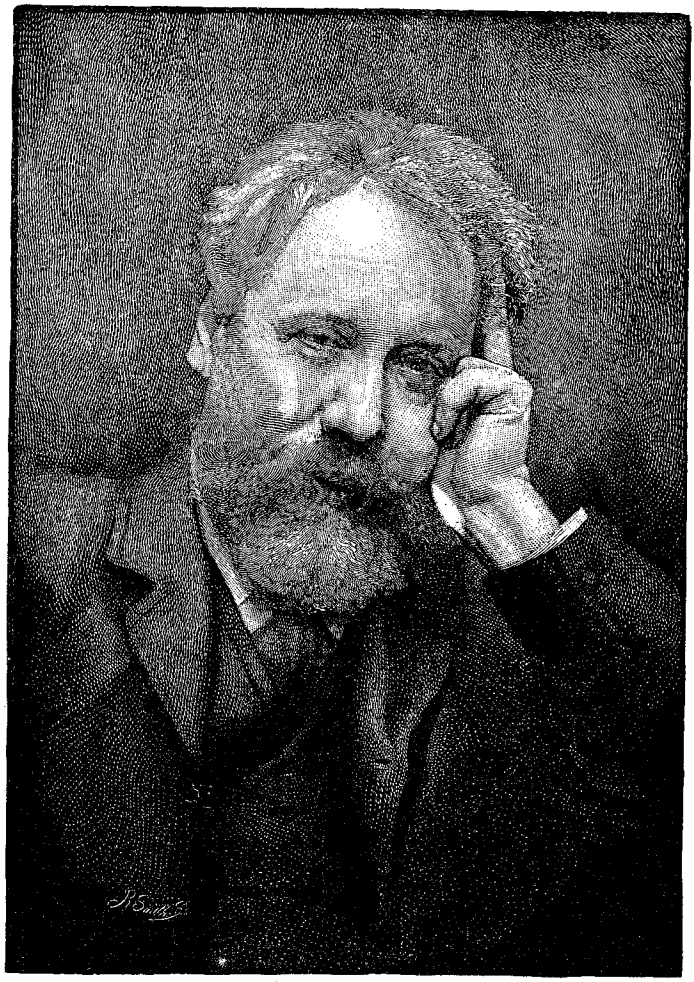
Harry Thurston Peck.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIVING CRITICS.

I.—William Ernest Henley.

To appraise a living writer is at all times a difficult task. His proximity is disconcerting, and the very rheums and humours of the age which has fathered him must necessarily obsess the presuming critic. We should attain a little perspective ere we aspire to judgment; and, even so, remoteness argues merely a dispassionate desire of fair play, and is no warranty for a sure opinion. The incongruity doubles when one sets forth to criticise a critic, and to reverse or endorse his authoritative verdicts. Mr. Henley, in particular, is no person for this impertinence. Though it is as a poet he has the highest claim upon us now, and as a poet he will take rank hereafter; yet he has certainly made a deeper mark upon his generation as a critic than any of his contemporaries. Mr. Lang, who once reigned paramount, has long since discarded his influence, and there is none left to dispute Mr. Henley's royalty. To few did name and fame come more reluctantly. It was not, indeed, until the foundation of the *Scots Observer* that he held any repute except among a handful; and even at the present moment his name sounds unfamiliar in the ears of the wide public. Yet he is beyond question the most formidable presence in English letters to-day. I am not here dealing with him as a poet, but merely as a critic of literature. As such, it is not too much to say that his authority has slowly undermined the prestige of the middle Victorian ideals. In a sense he is the foundation of a new period. That these words are none too extravagant is proved by his present position as the arbiter of a distinct school of fiction. For one who is no novelist himself this is a considerable performance, quite apart from the merits of his influence; and certainly the achievement gives him a right to very serious consideration. By a number of



WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

young writers he is regarded with the affection and reverence that a high priest might claim. He has ordered for them their notions of art, he has disciplined their energies, and he has even been able to impose upon them frequently the mannerisms of his own prose style. But the limits of his influence are not set even here. His ideals, his aspirations, and his code have penetrated elsewhere, and, if we consider gravely, are even now leavening the body of literary thought outside his own immediate circle. The history of a movement is never the history of one man; but as it is Mr. Henley who has borne the brunt of the battle, and who has directed the strategies, it is to him that the credit of the revolution is largely due. Historians will some day find the present period of English literature of remarkable interest, not so much for its products, as for the conversion which has fallen within the last twenty years. The theory which is known as "Art for Art's sake" has been long preached to deaf ears, but the ears are opening, and in whatever regard it is held by lay minds, there seems little doubt but it will inspire and persuade the writers of the future. The great service which we owe to Mr. Henley is his very faithful adherence to this creed. He has consistently fought and suffered for it. He has spread the propaganda through every available channel, has trumpeted defiance at his opponents, and has been, of a truth, the veritable protagonist of this cause.

In this conflict two mental properties have served him—the one an absolute, even an arrogant faith, and the other a reckless courage. These, more than any other characteristics, as I conceive, compose the man's individuality. With this individuality he has been able to fling his influence over the young men with whom he came in contact, whether personally or through his critical writings. They browsed in the rank pastures of the old *Scots Observer*, and came fat and full to the market. They took colour from his phrases, and he pounded into them righteous views upon literature, by which alone they might be saved. There are few backsliders in the faith even after these several years, and a heresy-hunt among them would be fruitless. For the insistence of the man is intense, even in his writings, which might well have suffered from the dispassion of cold print. If you would estimate his qualities as a critic, this fever of conviction must first be remembered. As I read him, his spiritual equipment for the task is both elaborate and singular. Soaked to his marrow in the literatures of the modern world—English, French, Spanish, to say no more—he has rather absorbed them than they have engrossed him. Outside and above this gluttonous digestion is something wholly native to himself, in a manner insular, as distinct from mere Gallomania as Mr. Swinburne is distinct from De Musset or Burns from Béranger—something paramount and specific, the actual and individual essence of the man himself. In all his critical writings you may trace this almost barbaric effrontery, this baresark arrogance of personality. Mr. Henley is a stark man in all his professions, and starkest of all is he in his abundant passion for life. It is this which separates him by a whole class from the other critics of his time. They sound, if I may say so, niminy-piminy beside his stout voice. Not but what they have principles and creeds and dogmas to hold by, but these are less manifest, are not so frankly embraced, and derive from later ascendants. The combination of so primary a religion with such remarkable powers of mind is striking enough to arrest attention. The force and the sheer strength in Mr. Kipling I take to have captured Mr. Henley's sympathies on the one hand; while it is perhaps most of all the extreme artistic address which Mr. Stevenson brought to his work which attracted his collaborator in another instance. Finally, and to add a further incongruity, his appreciation is extended to work which is merely fantastic and insubstantial, oftentimes the wildest imaginings of the Keltic mind. On the other hand, and to round this inadequate picture as well as may be, such work as Mr. Howells and his fellows expend their lives upon, is wholly antipathetic to him, as a dozen articles may witness. It is the accidents of passion, the natural phenomena of an unrestrained life—whether in act or emotion—that draw him. For weakness he has no mercy; an old maid's version of life is to him for a jest; a translation of human energy into the mild byeways and stagnant currents he can scarcely credit. Herein, as it seems to me, lies perhaps his great defect. His own

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

theory is so tenaciously held, so vehemently defended, and so aggressively obtruded, that he has no room to offer further hospitality. But at the same time it must be remembered that that theory is peculiarly wide and generous. The egoism of his faith may be staunch and even bigoted, but that faith is quite catholic. Metaphors and similes make but a cumbrous comparison; yet in a certain way Mr. Henley's critical insight recalls the flare of an electric light. There are queer patches of blackness outside the path of the illumination, passages of darkness along the angles; but within these confines the white light cuts its way rudely, sharply, and with pitiless severity. Along the sphere of the irradiation the white flare is merciless in its scrutiny; every fault and flaw is picked out as by magic, every virtue is assigned its value. For sheer illumination of insight within these broad boundaries Mr. Henley, so far as I know, has no peer alive. It is true that the strong hold he has upon his primary instincts sometimes deranges the proportion of his judgments—as when, for example, he is unjust to Thackeray for being too little of a man and too fond of tea-party fiction; but, contrariwise, his appreciations are the surer and the more generous when they are bestowed.

With this strong devotion to the literature of fundamental human nature go also other predilections, hardly less strong. He loves gaiety, he is enamoured of a paradox, and he will forgive a great deal for nervous, strenuous English. These prepossessions are exhibited in his own prose style. Just as he bears too hardly upon the foibles of Thackeray, so, too, he exalts Disraeli, the novelist, considerably above his proper place. The reason is obvious. He loves a trickster; the picaresque amuses him; and the gaiety, the insolence, the *bonhomie* of that Oriental mind touch him to tenderness; so much so that he can even pardon Disraeli's terrible English, passing it over with a sardonic grimace. And this very human frailty, this friendly indulgence for the personality of the writer rather than a ruthless judgment upon his writing, is perhaps another small flaw in Mr. Henley, the critic. But again the gaiety, the fierce intellectual zest which may lead him into such an error, amply compensates by sharper and broader discriminations elsewhere. The lapses, in fine, are trivial, the performance as a whole is remarkable. I know few things as fine in modern critical writings as a score of passages which I might pick out of *Views and Re-views*, those fragments "recovered from the shot rubbish of some fourteen years of journalism." Here is no place for quotation, nor am I concerned, in this brief appreciation, with Mr. Henley's English style; but the mastery of words, the flow of thought, the wit, the ingenuity, the extraordinary insight, and the admirable knowledge displayed in that slender volume, are for remembrance always. And not the least notable of his characteristics is his extensive learning. I should judge that he never lost an impression, and it is certain that an author, once read, is ticketed and docketed, and relegated for ever to his position in Mr. Henley's mind. His memory is a literary dictionary in which he turns to the proper page on the instant, and if he errs at all, the error is never one of fact, or even of inference, but rather of prejudice. The rampant assurance of his mind and his superb autocracy consist strangely with a perfect delicacy of detail. He has eyes for the rarest touch, and his fidelity is conscientiously scrupulous. There is no man to-day that has a better or a sounder lover of letters; and there is no man to whom modern literature owes so huge a debt. For the most of critics write very pleasantly, and maybe very justly. We have many Mr. Birrells with us. But their criticism is no more than ink and paper, very amiable to read. Mr. Henley's qualifications lie deeper. He has not only written; he has educated.

H. B. Marriott Watson.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEGLECTED BOOKS.

C. F. KEARY'S "A WANDERER."

Among comparatively recent books that have been neglected—undeservedly so, that is—is to be counted Mr. C. F. Keary's *A Wanderer*, published in 1888. The writer chose for himself in this his first excursion into a region outside that of history or antiquarianism the pseudonym of H. Ogram Matuce which, I understand, is in some twisted way the Greek for a clerk. Thus the critics have no chance of recognising the author of a book on *Primitive Belief* and of another on *The Dawn of History*, and the modest little volume in dull red cover was overlooked. But though he has since written a couple of clever novels, and is, I see, about to venture a third, he has, in my opinion, done nothing better than this first of his books that had any leaning towards fiction. There is a certain likeness to Heine in his cast of mind, still more perhaps to Jean Paul, and fiction, as we usually understand the word, *A Wanderer* can hardly be called. It is rather a series of connected impressions and "travel pictures," but so real are they, so vivid, and yet so restrained, that the reader has while he reads a strange sense of movement, of being carried forward, not physically only, but spiritually, as his companion takes him by the arm in a manner that is dreamy rather than familiar, and points out the landmarks by the way. They are landmarks of thought as well as of space, and such as those only with souls to understand are likely to take pause before and be thankful. Nominally the book is the account of a year's wandering in the life of an emancipated clerk; but as the writer himself says at the end, "A year may be an epitome of life; and one man's life of the life of all the race."

Almost everywhere the personal element is preserved, but it is never obtruded. The writer tells you of the books he carried with him as travelling companions, and how his own experiences fitted him to receive the lessons they had to give. This passage, for instance, both garners up the experiences of many months spent in walking through Germany, and serves as introduction to what he is going to say about Faust:

> "Markets: old women sitting round behind their fruit-baskets in the wide, paved market-place; or those stand-markets where the fisher-folk move about among their stalls, and country people expose their wares from barges in the water; barns, with open door behind, through which a patch of sunlight falls upon the heaped-up golden corn, and the dusky figures of the threshers stand out against it; people jogging to the town with their pigs and their fowls; or goose-boys and goose-girls driving their flocks into the stubble fields; men reaping or sowing; the light of a window shining through leaves: a world is in all these things. Sights such as these belong more to humanity as a whole—or seem to do so—than the sights I had been used to in my former life. Our country life even, with its gigs, its dogcarts and smart grooms, its stud horses come out for exercise, its shooting parties, is not so simple and human."

These sights, Mr. Keary says, formed for him a vision of life, and "it was only because my mind had been steeped therein that I could understand the poem [the second part of *Faust*], that I was reading."

Elsewhere he describes how the visions of Dante come upon you when you steal at twilight into some old cathedral. "Within was a lighted altar and deep shadows all round. Far away like a star shone a single lamp before the image of Our Lady." But it must not be supposed that there is any trace of rhetoric or straining after effect. The style is throughout singularly even and, if anything, rather too restrained.

Once he passes the boundary into pure fiction. This is in the story of a certain D—— a *raté*—one who all his life has been dreaming of future triumphs in literature and in life, and who sinks into his last sleep with the suppressed murmur of the world's applause ringing in his fancies.

> "There was a murmur indeed not far from his ears It was the murmur of the waves which had been creeping closer and closer as he sank deeper and deeper into the heavy opium sleep. Did they wish to hear what he was thinking about, or to let him know that all nature did not hold so much aloof from him as the world had done? They drew nearer and nearer; they kissed his hands and withered cheeks, and rippled in his hair. They lifted his hat from his head and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

passed it from one to another, yet gently withal, though it was but a poor napless thing; and then, with a sort of respectful impertinence they lifted up the lappets of his coat and peered into his pockets. And at last they passed over him altogether, and ran higher up the beach, until some larger waves came and lifted D—— up on their shoulders—and yet he never awoke.

"A bell began to toll from the distant village, sending faint echoes across the bay. More lights came out under the mountain, and a large planet rose from behind it and looked brightly over the water towards poor D——, whom the changeful tide, finding, I suppose, that the dreams and hopes and sorrows had gone clean out of him, left presently upon a ridge of sand, where twice a day it throws a multitude of other shells which it has unkindly torn from their quiet beds below."

These quotations alone would, I think, show that *A Wanderer* is a remarkable book, a book to be read and thought over, to be kept and not borrowed. It is subtle and, above all, restful. Mr. Keary has evidently put much of his heart and soul into this record of days which, if they were not wholly happy, he would not for worlds forget. Professor Huxley, who read the book by chance, without knowing who was its author, was so much struck by it that he referred to it again and again, and had some intention of reviewing it in the *Nineteenth Century*. But it was a busy time with him, and perhaps he did not come upon a quiet hour in which it occurred to him to do it; anyhow, *A Wanderer* found its way to his shelves, and to the shelves of a few others who were struck by it, and stayed there—neglected.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford.

WHEN WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE WROTE HIS PLAYS.

Methinks it was a merry scene,
  This London Town of long ago;
The chaste Elizabeth was queen
  (Who caused her cousin's blood to flow);
  The courtier sought his wit to show,
And voiced his artificial lays;
  The Thames was mightier than the Po—
When William Shakespeare wrote his plays.

The lasses were alert, I ween,
  In sparkled gaud and ribboned bow,
To greet the lads upon the green
  And to the fiddle trip the toe;
  Proud dames were wont the dice to throw;
Perchance the plotter got the praise;
  The fawning friend was oft the foe—
When William Shakespeare wrote his plays.

The query of the world has been,
  Was William's manner quick or slow?
His doubtful face, was it serene—
  Or flashed with introspective glow?
  Alack! of him we little know,
And of that little most is haze.
  Did other bards the palm bestow—
When William Shakespeare wrote his plays?

ENVOY.

Ah, passing old shall England grow
  Ere such great poets walk her ways
As in the stately times, I trow,
  When William Shakespeare wrote his plays!

A. T. Schuman.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MR. DANA ON JOURNALISM.

Mr. Charles A. Dana is undoubtedly the most conspicuous exponent of American journalism to-day; it is perhaps not too much to assert that he is the most interesting figure that the development of journalism has yet produced. We have, of course, no opinion to express in these columns of the various causes that he has championed, of the views that he has at any time expressed, or of his motives, his consistency, and his intellectual sincerity; but regarded solely as a writer for the million and as a moulder of public sentiment, his work deserves the most serious and thoughtful consideration.

Mr. Dana's equipment for the editorial profession is as unique as is his personality. Receiving while a young man the thorough classical training that was long one of the most noble traditions of New England, his early associations lay among the literary patricians of his generation, whose intimacies he shared, so that he was enrolled in that high-minded if unpractical group who made the historic failure at Brook Farm. Hawthorne, Curtis, Channing, Ripley, Alcott, and Margaret Fuller were his personal friends, among whom, however, he maintained, as he has always done, his own distinctive individuality unchanged. From Horace Greeley, a man of a very different training and mentality, he also received many practical lessons during their association upon the editorial staff of the New York *Tribune*—an association that was broken because Mr. Dana refused to subordinate his own views to the vacillating policy of his chief. As Assistant Secretary of War, in the most fearful period of the great civil contest, he developed his executive talent and got the training of a man of affairs at a time when human character was tested as in the white heat of a furnace. His later years have been spent at the head of a great journal, with digressions into pure literature and encyclopædic research; while the most extensive foreign travel and omnivorous reading have both eliminated every trace of provincialism from his mind and stored it with the literary treasures of thirty centuries.

In the case of many another man this training, while it would have made him powerful in many spheres of intellectual activity, would also have made him quite impossible as a journalist. Conventionality would have fettered him too heavily to allow him to keep step with the march of the popular mind; his culture would have stood as a thin, impenetrable wall between him and the great unlettered public. And it is just here that Mr. Dana seems to us so utterly unique as to make it unlikely that he will ever find a real successor. Other men will be as widely read as he and as cultured; others, again, will be as individual and racy; but we can scarcely expect to find again the culture and the experience and the rarely humorous originality all assimilated and blended together in the mentality of a single man.

Mr. Dana's long life makes him, in fact, a link between two schools of journalism. His own career began in the intensely personal period of American newspaper evolution—the period whose worst features have been mercilessly photographed for us in the pages of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Colonel Diver and Jefferson Brick were living realities in those days when foul epithets and hideous slander filled the columns of even the greatest journals, and when editors were lashed in the street, only to record their own disgrace as affording welcome materials for a new sensation. Mr. Greeley, with all his undeniable gifts, was only a glorified specimen of this type of editor. A man without any scholastic training, with a gigantic contempt for the graces of life, and with a total lack of the dignified restraint that is often the most effective element in controversial writing, he threw himself upon his newspaper opponents like a wild beast, so that the columns of the *Tribune* often recalled to those who knew him well the profane yells and violent diatribes that sometimes made his editorial chamber resemble the lair of a hyena.

In these days we are getting every day farther and farther away from the traditions of Greeley, and the elder Bennett, and Prentice, and Webb; while the example set even in those early years

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

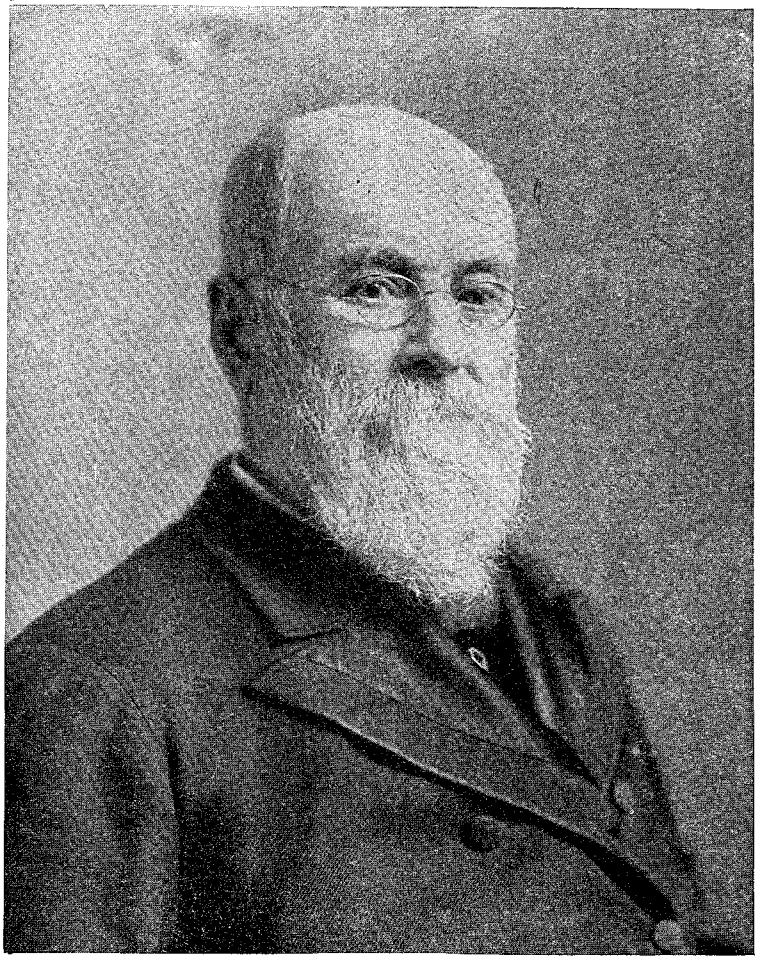
by men like William Cullen Bryant is now becoming the rule in the newer journalism. Personality in its extreme forms is now generally relegated to the newspapers of the Far West, and for the readers of the East it has reached the stage of burlesque in such imaginary creations as the *Arizona Kicker*. Mr. Dana's own urbanity never allows him to go the lengths of many of his early contemporaries, yet his journalistic methods have, nevertheless, been strongly influenced by the older license, preserving much of its irreverence and directness, and stopping short only at the threshold of private life. His reticence is only relative, and to a foreign journalist the columns of the *Sun* would still appear appallingly personal; yet compared with the freedom of speech that prevailed fifty years ago, certain definite limitations are always plainly to be seen.

Mr. Dana is by nature and by choice a free lance—a sort of Ishmael of journalism. It delights him to be in opposition, and perhaps most of all to lead a forlorn hope, dashing gallantly amid the smoke of conflict at the breastwork of some doughty foe. His resources of controversy are absolutely unlimited, and to him is always applicable the great line of Lucan, that while the successful cause may please the gods, the cause that is lost is the one that pleases Cato. One could almost imagine that hard as he fought for the election of Mr. Tilden, for instance, he must still have felt a secret joy, a sort of professional joy, so to speak, at his defeat, since it gave so magnificent an occasion for the display of Mr. Dana's peculiar talents in the four years' battle that he waged against the administration of President Hayes. The unceasing stream of invective that he poured out upon that unfortunate official, the Rabelaisian ridicule with which he overwhelmed him, the perfectly marvellous ingenuity that he displayed in turning every move of the administration into contempt, have absolutely no parallel in the history of American journalism; and his success is seen in the undoubted fact that at last even the Republicans themselves felt no pride in their victory, but spoke and acted, even publicly and officially, in an almost apologetic fashion. It is at this late day permissible to say, without treading on the forbidden field of politics, that practically all Americans have come to recognise the uprightness, purity, and dignity of Mr. Hayes's rule, and to regard it as a most salutary contrast to the scandalous record of the second administration of President Grant; but such was the power of Mr. Dana's invective that, at the time, all this was scarcely evident even to Mr. Hayes's party friends, so searching, overpowering, and irresistible were the newspaper assaults upon the President at the hands of Mr. Dana and his followers.

His controversies with private individuals have been equally remarkable, and the whole country wakes up with an expectant air whenever it becomes known that he has girded up his loins for another fight. His methods of attack are his own and quite inimitable, for they are, from their nature, unanswerable. A Western editor offends him, and Mr. Dana at once dubs him a "hebetudinous crank." Now "hebetudinous" is a word of which probably few of the readers of the *Sun* have ever heard, and it attracts attention and curiosity at once. Mr. Dana then follows up his first stroke by a series of articles on hebetudinosity, and on the psychological effect of hebetudinosity on the "intellectuals," with illustrations drawn from the writings of the editor in question. Showers of paragraphs, squibs, and semi-serious observations coruscate in the *Sun's* columns every day for weeks, until from the Atlantic to the Pacific the hebetudinosity of the unfortunate victim is a household word. Another editor in Cincinnati becomes involved in a similar contest, and Mr. Dana takes an entirely different line. He gravely dubs his opponent "Deacon," and describes him feelingly as a truly good man, but one who is unfortunately under the control of wicked partners, who use him as a cloak for their evil deeds. The *Sun* then teems with speculations as to the personality of those wicked men and the nature of the power they exert over the Deacon. Mr. Dana pretends to think that one of them is descended from Kidd the pirate, and long and serious discussions ensue on this point, coupled all the while with respectful and plaintive regrets over the baleful influences of the nefarious pair, and an undercurrent of respectful sympathy with the afflictions of the truly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

good man whose reputation they are destroying. By this time the whole country is in a broad grin, and there is nothing left for the "Deacon" to do but to withdraw from the contest with as good a face as he can. Still another opponent Mr. Dana imagines to be constitutionally mendacious, but to be struggling hard against his infirmity with varying success. The *Sun* daily chronicles the progress of the struggle, and gives readings from an "alethometer," which Mr. Dana supposes to be used by his adversary to record his lapses from the truth. These are a few of many examples that might be cited to illustrate the variety and play of a singularly original imagination, which is seen not only in his controversies, but in everything that comes from his pen.



CHARLES A. DANA.

By permission of S. S. McClure.

In his serious writing there is the same fertility, and here is displayed also his consummate mastery of the English language, with all its manifold resources; for he invariably and instinctively selects exactly the right word, the most effective phrase, the most terse and nervous form of sentence. His vocabulary is worthy of long and serious study, for it is the vocabulary of one who has at command the whole range of our native speech, from the stately English of the Elizabethans and the elegancies of the Addisonian writers down to the quaint and forcible provincialisms of New England and the latest bit of modern slang. No one has a keener sense of word-values, and no one is fonder of reviving some good old word that has long been obsolete, but for which our present vocabulary has no good equivalent. Nothing gives him more delight than to use one of these long-forgotten terms, and then to have some rash correspondent take him to task for it, whereupon Mr. Dana will point out in his columns that the word in question can be found on such and such a page of Skelton or Richard Hooker. With native American coinages it is the same; and every one knows that it was through the columns of the *Sun* that "mugwump" and "crank" passed into the vocabulary of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all English-speaking peoples. His linguistic arsenal is, in fact, supplied with weapons forged in every land and every age; and he will smash an adversary with an Homeric battle axe or riddle his defences with a modern rapid-fire gun with equal readiness and dexterity. It is, in reality, only those as widely read as Mr. Dana himself who can thoroughly appreciate to the full his remarkable stylistic resources; and in his most spontaneous and apparently frivolous productions, the scholar will find with a delighted recognition a thousand subtle echoes and suggestions of the world's great classics. To give a concrete example, it was only the other day, on the eve of the Cornell contest at Henley, that the *Sun* gave utterance to a sort of prose dithyramb of exhortation to the Ithacan crew, couched in the drollest vein of comic rhapsody, and crackling with modern slang. Every one, except perhaps some stray Philistines, read it with delight; yet unless a person were familiar with the Homeric Hymns much of its subtle vein of parody would be absolutely lost to him.

Most striking of all is the immense vitality and vivacity of his writing. An inexhaustible spirit of fun, tricksy, mocking, and effervescent, runs through all his work and impregnates it with an almost boyish *joie de vivre*. This proneness to levity is to many a condemnation of the writer. An English journalist's hair would fairly stand on end over some of the things that appear in the editorial columns of Mr. Dana's newspaper—at the unfailing jest, the gleam of humour thrown upon even the most serious things of life, at the spirit which sees fun in everything from a theological controversy down to the consular reports. It is undoubtedly true that no such editorials could ever appear in any but an American newspaper; yet this is the very cream of the whole matter. It is precisely in these things that Mr. Dana is so typically American; and the whole temperament that has been here so imperfectly described is the faithful and accurate embodiment of our national spirit, of the spirit of modern America, in all its humorous levity, its quick assimilation, its irreverence and audacity, and at the same time with all its underlying fund of real earnestness and energy and power.

These considerations give especial interest to a little volume that has lately issued from the press of the Appletons,* containing the text of three lectures delivered by Mr. Dana on the subject of newspaper-making. The first was given before the Wisconsin Editorial Association, at Milwaukee, and treats of "The Modern American Newspaper;" the second was delivered to the students of Union College, and has to do with "The Profession of Journalism;" and the third was prepared for the celebration of Founder's Day at Cornell University, and has for its subject "The Making of a Newspaper Man." In them all Mr. Dana is at his best in both style and manner—lucid, easy, speaking directly to the point, with a delightful fund of anecdote and illustration; while the genial urbanity of his tone charms one like the sunshine of a summer morning. He tells of the details of newspaper-making, of the mechanical processes, the press-work, the illustrating, of the manner of man who is best adapted to succeed, of the preliminary training that is most practical, of the ethics of the profession, and speaks also of the ideals that a journalist should cherish.

It is rather as casting light on Mr. Dana's own opinions than for any really practical end that one reads these interesting lectures. Mr. Dana himself has a healthy contempt for the notion that successful journalism can be taught by rule and precept, rather than by nature herself and by experience. It is not by taking much thought that the journalistic instinct can be acquired, but in so far as it is not born in one, it can be developed by observation, example, and personal contact with its past masters. Mr. Dana himself, for example, has so influenced and moulded his own staff—his "bright young men," as he likes to call them—that every one of them is himself a sort of pocket edition of his chief, knowing perfectly his point of view, and actually writing after his own fashion; so that even when Mr. Dana is in Paris, or Mexico, or Jerusalem, no reader of the *Sun* would ever suspect his absence. Yet it is also true that when these same writers whom he has thus influenced drift off into other papers, they lose almost at once the characteristics of their chief, Antæus-like growing weak when separated from

* The Art of Newspaper-Making. By Charles A. Dana. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the source of their original inspiration.

A few extracts from the lectures will serve to emphasise certain significant features of Mr. Dana's own style. The first has to do with the value of classical training:

"I am myself a partisan of the strict, old-fashioned classical education. The man who knows Greek and Latin, and *knows* it—I don't mean who has read six books of Vergil for a college examination, but the man who can pick up Vergil or Tacitus without going to his dictionary, and the man who can read the Iliad in Greek without boggling—and if he can read Aristotle and Plato, all the better—that man may be trusted to edit a newspaper."

The question of printing illustrations in the daily papers being one that is a good deal discussed at the present time, the following passage is worth quoting:

"They have gone so far as to invent a press which prints pictures in different colours; so they turn out from one machine, without moving the form at all, pictures that are red and green and yellow and all the colors of the rainbow. . . . I asked Mr. Whitelaw Reid one day what was his opinion, and he said that he was against these pictures, that they didn't add anything to the purpose of the newspapers, which is to convey intelligence and enlighten thought. Any picture, he said, which is in itself of the nature of news, which gives you the likeness of a distinguished man whose portrait you wish to see, or anything which really illustrates to your mind an event of the day, that is a legitimate newspaper picture. 'But the fancy, fantastic, devil may-care pictures,' he said, 'those I am not in favour of.' I think he is entirely right on that subject as on many others."

And this he gives in conclusion:

"There is a tradition in some newspapers of the old school that you must pretend to a silly infallibility and never admit that you have been wrong. That is a silly rule. If a man has not the moral courage to say, 'Yes, I was wrong, and don't now believe what I said at some former time'—if he has not the courage to say that, he had better retire from business and never try to make another newspaper."

This is a fine sentiment, but we fear that Mr. Dana has not yet sufficiently impressed it upon his bright young men. For instance, some years ago, after the *Sun* had just finished one of its periodical denunciations of the phrase "in our midst," a scholar residing in the West wrote a very courteous, intelligent, and learned letter, defending the expression by the analogy of many other languages, as well as by citations from the earlier English. The *Sun* printed the letter; but did it admit that there was at least something to be said on the other side? Alas! it lost its editorial temper, and fell upon the unfortunate scholar, and buffeted him sorely, and without answering his arguments called him names, and, in fact, hooted him out of court. The present writer may perhaps be pardoned for relating a personal experience of his own. Mr. Dana is never weary of denouncing (very properly, too) the prevalent and thoroughly senseless trick of speech by which a noun in the predicate is made to refer to something different from the subject of the verb, as "he was given a reception," etc. He likewise on a certain occasion demolished a meek correspondent for using words that "had no lexical authority." Now the present writer having, with malice prepense, kept a scrap-book for this particular purpose, at once sent to the *Sun* a long list of citations from its own editorial columns in which the first-named syntactical monstrosity had occurred; and also a second list of words, also from its editorial columns, but wholly devoid of "lexical authority." It is sad to relate it, but the lists were never noticed in the *Sun*, and a great silence reigned unbroken. Was the *Sun* "pretending to a silly infallibility"? Perhaps, however, Mr. Dana himself has wicked partners who set at naught his wise rules; or it may be that, like another more valuable document on a certain historical occasion, the lists were devoured by the office-cat, of which famous animal Mr. Dana in these lectures, much to every one's regret, has not a word to say.

H. T. P.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OPPOSITES.

The young man came in out of the cold dash of rain. The negro man received his outside garments and ushered him into the drawing-room, where a bright fire welcomed him like a smiling hostess.

He sat down with a sudden relaxation of his muscles. As he waited at his ease, his senses absorbed the light and warmth and beauty of the room. It was familiar, and yet it had a new meaning to him. A bird was singing somewhere in the upper rooms, carolling with a joyous note that seemed to harmonise with the warmth and colour of the room in which the caller sat.

The young man stared at the fire, his head leaning on his hand. There were lines of gloomy thought in his face. There were marks of bitter struggle on his hands. His dress was strong and good, but not in the mode. He looked like a young lawyer with his lean, dark face, smoothly shaven save for a little tuft on either cheek. His long hands were heavy-jointed with toil.

He listened to the bird singing and to the answering chirping call of a girl's voice. His head drooped forward in deep reverie.

How beautiful her life is! his thought was. How absolutely without care or struggle! She knows no uncertainty such as I feel daily, hourly. She has never a question of daily food; the question of clothes has been a diversion for her, a worry of choice merely. Dirt, grime, she knows nothing of. Here she lives, sheltered in a glow of comfort and colour, while I hang by my finger-ends over a bottomless pit. She sleeps and dreams while I fight. She is never weary, while I sink into my bed each night as if it were my grave. Every hand held out to her is a willing hand—if it is paid for it is willing, for she has no enemies even among her servants. O God! If I could only reach such a place to rest for just a year—for just a month. But such security, such rest is out of my reach. I must toil and toil, and when at last I reach a place to pause and rest, I shall be old and brutalised and deadened, and my rest will be merely—sleep.

He looked once more about the lovely room. The ocean-wind tore at the windows with wolfish claws, savage to enter.

"The world howling out there is as impotent to do her harm as is that wind at the window," the young man added.

II.

The bird's song again joined itself to the gay voice of the girl, and then he heard quick footsteps on the stairs, and as he rose to greet her the room seemed to glow like the heart of a ruby.

They clasped hands and looked into each other's eyes a moment. He saw love and admiration in her eyes. She saw only friendliness and some dark, unsmiling mood in his.

They sat down and talked upon the fringe of personalities which he avoided. She fancied that she saw a personal sorrow in his face and she longed to comfort him. She longed to touch his vexed forehead with her fingers.

They talked on, of late books and coming music. He noticed how clear and sweet and intelligent were her eyes. Refinement was in the folds of her dress and in the faint perfume which exhaled from her drapery. The firm flesh of her arms appealed to him like the limbs of a child—beautiful!

He saw in her face something wistful, restless. He tried to ignore it, to seem unconscious of the adoration he saw there, for it pained him. It affected him as a part of the general misdirection of affection and effort in the world.

She asked him about his plans. He told her of them. He grew stern and savage as he outlined the work which he had set himself to do. His hands spread and clutched, and his teeth set together involuntarily. "It is to be a fight," he said, "but I shall win. Bribery, blackmail, the press, and all other forces are against me, but I shall win."

He rose at length to a finer mood as he sketched the plan which he hoped to set in action.

She looked at him with expanding eyes and quickened breath. A globed light each soft eye seemed to him.

He spoke more freely of the struggle

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

outside in order to make her feel her own sweet security—here where the grime of trade and the reek of politics never came.

At last he rose to go, smiling a little as if in apology for his dark mood. He looked down at her slender body robed so daintily in gray and white; she made him feel coarse and rough.

Her eyes appealed to him, her glance was like a detaining hand. He felt it, and yet he said abruptly,—

"Good-night."

"You'll come to see me again!"

"Yes," he answered very simply and gravely.

And she, looking after him as he went down the street with head bent in thought, grew weak with a terrible weakness, a sort of hunger, and deep in her heart she cried out:

"Oh, the brave, splendid life *he* leads out there in the world! Oh, the big, brave world!"

She clenched her pink hand.

"Oh, this terrible, humdrum woman's life! It kills me, it smothers me. I must do something. I must be something. I can't live here in this way—useless. I must get into the world."

And looking around the cushioned, glowing, beautiful room, she thought bitterly:

"This is being a woman. O God, I want to be free of four walls! I want to struggle like that."

And then she sat down before the fire and whispered very softly, "I want to fight in the world with him."

Hamlin Garland.

JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.

Peace was here yesterday,
  Joy comes to-morrow;
Why wilt thou, heart of mine,
  Dark bodings borrow?

Shrilly the tempest shrieks,
  Fierce roar the waves,
High roll the curling crests,
  Deep the black graves:

Now the cold midnight falls,
  Clouds overwhelm . . .
Memory lights the seas!
  Hope holds the helm!

Peace was here yesterday,
  Joy comes to-morrow,
Why wilt thou, heart of mine,
  Dark bodings borrow?

Charlotte W. Thurston.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PARALYSIS OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

As the German Empire is about to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of its creation and of the completion of its unity, several German writers have thought the moment auspicious for a general consideration of the social, literary, and artistic life of the new nation, with a view to determining what the energies of their country, so long scattered by the particularistic spirit, but to-day united and centralized, have been able to contribute to poetry, to the drama, to fiction, and to the other spheres of German thought.

A professor in the University of Bonn, Herr Berthold Litzmann, develops this investigation in a study that he has recently made of the influence of Germany's new political situation on poetry, fiction, and the drama. The conclusions to which he has been forced by his investigations are by no means flattering to the Germany of Bismarck. At the commencement of his researches, Herr Litzmann declares that in 1870 there was not found in all Germany a poet capable of expressing the exultation of the German people in its first victories over the hereditary foe. Germany was quivering with martial enthusiasm, but the German muse held her peace as though struck dumb. In fact, when he undertook to publish in Germany a volume of poetical songs in honour of the campaign of 1870, the author of this monograph was forced to seek out and include in the collection verses written as far back as 1840 by the poet Arndt, already in his grave.

The poets who were alive in 1870, like Freiligrath or Geibel—they who had been able to sway the hearts of the whole people before the war—put forth after this period nothing but empty declamation, without sincerity and without warmth, and in which the Germans could scarcely recognise their favourite singers. Professor Litzmann, in the course of his conscientious work, quotes several of these patriotic songs, and one is amazed to see that not only is there a great lack of genuine emotion, but that the workmanship is feeble, artificial, and appallingly platitudinous.

Geibel's lack of success in his attempt to sing the Prussian eagle is very significant. In his youth he had celebrated with great zeal the ancient German Empire, and had invoked with enthusiasm the return of the ancient kaisers. His muse in 1845 had found a genuine inspiration in his dreams of a united Germany; but in 1870, when this dream had been realised, and when all Germany was waiting to see its favourite poet seize the lyre, thrilling with the intoxication of victory, Geibel brought forth the most pitiful specimen of hack-poetry in the shape of a patriotic hymn, "Deutschland." Professor Litzmann, out of regard for a poet who once had some happy inspirations, prefers not to quote these stanzas, "so barren are they of ideas."

Only one German writer, according to Herr Litzmann, has been able to bring his verse fully into harmony with the thunder of the German cannon; and this writer is not a poet, but an historian —Heinrich Treitschke. His "Hymn to the Black Eagle" expresses well enough the impression which the War of 1870 produced in Germany. In other respects it is not a poetical work at all, but a rude war-song, fit enough to be sung by soldiers on the march, but void of any elevated sentiment or any pregnant thought. Treitschke invites the German warriors of every rank to make "one last bloody pilgrimage to the Cathedral of Strasburg," and the whole song is in this fierce and rugged style. Nevertheless, Herr Litzmann pronounces this to be the one pearl of patriotic poetry that Germany has produced since 1870.

Has the new Germany, however, more successfully inspired the writers of romances? Herr Litzmann thinks not. At the time of the War of 1870, Germany possessed two great novelists—Freytag, who has just died, and Spielhagen. She naturally looked to them for a great prose epos of reunited Germany; but this great epos failed to appear. Freytag, who had reproduced with a good deal of cleverness the life of the German middle classes before 1870, seemed suddenly to lose his perception of reality, and began to muddle himself with a swarm of cut-and-dried historical analo-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gies drawn from the history of Rome, of Gaul, of the Franks, and of the early Teutons, and from that time on depicted contemporary life with the dulness of an antiquarian who is collecting documents, instead of producing an impression of living truth.

After this, the Germans looked hopefully to Spielhagen, who before the war had become famous for his powerful picture of Germany in 1848. They were sure that he at least would give them a picture of united Germany true to the very life. But he too disappointed public expectation. After the War of 1870 he published his novel called *Sturmflut* —an attempt at setting forth the moral defects that were debauching German society as the direct consequence of German victory. Spielhagen feebly scourged the loose way of living that everywhere became manifest after the Germans had begun to worship the golden calf, and in consequence had started a mad rush after material comforts and coarse pleasures that seemed to threaten the fatherland from the very moment that the nation became a powerful Empire. Spielhagen set before himself types drawn from the stock-exchange and from the lower circles of politics, unrolling a panorama of financial distress and depicting the money-getting craze that had seized upon Berlin. The novel was intended to give a powerful presentation of one phase of German life, but the work is disappointing. The only impression that one gets from it is that the actual Germany of to-day by no means corresponds to the ideal picture dreamed of by the Germans of 1848.

United Germany, then, which has been able to inspire neither its poets nor its novelists, has, perhaps, one may say, produced some great and talented dramatic writer. Herr Litzmann, in answer to this question, relates certain facts which show how little the dramatic art in Germany has profited by the success of the German arms. In November, 1857, there was established in Prussia a triennial prize of 1600 thalers in honour of Schiller. Until 1869 this prize was regularly awarded every three years; but from 1869–79—that is to say, for a period of ten years—there was not found in Germany a single dramatic work that could be regarded as worthy of being crowned. At last, in 1879, as the Committee could find no single author who was so obviously conspicuous as to receive all its votes, the prize was divided between three writers, not, however, for the merit of any particular work of theirs, but for having given proof of "excellent dramatic qualities." Herr Litzmann can find in the sphere of the German drama since 1870 only two bright spots—Bayreuth and the theatrical company of Meiningen. In fact, German hopes are practically all directed toward Bayreuth, and are limited to that Wagnerism which is the consummation of the lyric drama as that drama was conceived by another German on French soil. But surely no one will pretend that in the development of Wagnerism the victories won by German arms had any share even as an inspiration, for the greater part of the works of Wagner were written long before 1870. So far as the Meiningen troupe is concerned, it has, it is true, been of great service to the dramatic art. It has revolutionised certain features of the *mise en scène*, and for the first time it has subordinated the individual ambition of the actor to the requirements of general effect, so that in it the actor is dominated by the play and not the play by the actor. It is to be noticed, however, that this artistic result is so far from being the work of united Germany that the Meiningen troupe was maintained by a Prince belonging to the early German Confederation, and that after the changes brought about by the unification of Germany, this fine company was compelled to disband. Luckily, it will once more be brought together under the auspices of an artist well known in France, Herr Paul Lindau, the graceful novelist whom the Grand Duke of Meiningen has placed in charge of his theatre, and who, being himself a dramatic writer, and having shown in his studies on the theatre that he possesses unusual intelligence, will revive no doubt at Meiningen the artistic celebrity which in former years had made the place renowned throughout all Europe.

Professor Litzmann, after a long investigation, has come to this rather depressing conclusion: "The literature of united Germany is neither hot nor cold, but dreadfully commonplace and destitute of individuality." German literature, however, appears to have awakened of late with Hauptmann, and with the publication of the novels and critical works

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Max Nordau. The first of these authors, however, gained his vogue by a socialistic production; and the second as a representative of that modern science which prior to 1870 had already made itself conspicuous in Germany.

Michel Delines.

JONAS LIE.

If literature in Norway were imagined to be dominated by a triumvirate—a wholly invidious supposition, since there is quite as much republicanism in the literary life of this redoubtable part of the world as there is in its politics—the third place would unquestionably be occupied by Jonas Lie. As to the personality of the other two members of this supposed junta there will be no difficulty in recognising Björnson and Ibsen. It is perhaps to Jonas Lie's disadvantage that his two fellow-craftsmen stand out so distinctly to the eye of the world, for he is thereby to a certain extent overlooked. This is, however, only outside of Scandinavia. At home he has not only a place definitely accorded him, but a place peculiarly his own. Björnson is a part of Norway itself, a great moving force in the nation's whole economy of living. Ibsen, for his part, is viewed objectively; he is wondered at and admired, as one might admire a giant for his strength; they are proud in Norway to have him among them, but it is safe to say he has never inspired them with any deeper sense. Lie, on the other hand, is part of the people's subjectivity, and he lies warm in the nation's heart. In instituting such a comparison as this it must not be supposed that there is a desire to put the three on a literary plane. Björnson and Ibsen in this way are Titans, who rise head and shoulders above the rest of literary Norway. The common man, however, whose stature most nearly approaches them is Jonas Lie.

Jonas Lie—he has two other names, viz., Lauritz Idemil, wisely felt to be superfluous and never used—was born at Eker, in Norway, in 1833. His father, who was a lawyer, soon removed in an official capacity to the seaport town of Tromsoe, in the extreme wild north of the country, where the novelist's boyhood was passed in an environment that has had a lasting influence upon his own spirit and has sensibly impressed itself upon his writings. Lie's predilections for the sea, subsequently expressed in some of his most notable novels, had an early origin. It had almost decided his career. As a mere lad he was sent to enter at Fredriksværn, the Norwegian Annapolis, but, after remaining here a year, he was rejected because of near-sightedness. The next years were devoted to preparation for the university. In a little country like Norway it is almost inevitable that the men of a generation shall meet intimately at some point along the educational road, which in its higher levels especially has but few turnings. This is a fact that appears characteristic in the lives of almost all Norwegians, and it results not only in a personal acquaintanceship, but in a certain homogeneity at any given time that is unknown in a larger nation. At Heltberg's gymnasium, accordingly, in Christiania—a "student factory" the Norwegians themselves call it—Lie fell in with both Björnson and Ibsen as fellow-pupils. Between him and the former particularly a friendship soon ripened, which has lasted through life and has had no little influence upon his career.

At the university Lie studied jurisprudence, and in course of time emerged with the proper qualifications to pursue the calling of his father before him. The year after he settled down to the practice of law in Kongsvinger. He married the following year, prospered as a lawyer and as a man of affairs, bought an estate, and entered actively into the social and political life of the place. The financial crisis that came to Norway in the middle of the sixties not only took away everything that he had, but plunged him hopelessly into debt. In 1868 he gave up the practice of his profession and removed to Christiania, in order to devote himself here-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

after to a literary career. He had already, in Kongsvinger, written a volume of poems, which had, however, attracted no particular attention, and had contributed political articles and essays to various journals, and his work, at the outset, in Christiania, was a continuation in this latter direction. If, as he says, he had already before this time had "bitter experience in the practical school of life," I suspect that more as bitter was yet to come, for he got along at first but badly. Beside his essays in journalism, he presently took and lost again a position as teacher in the same school where he had formerly been a pupil.

Better days were ushered in by the appearance of his first novel, *The Visionary*, which was published at Copenhagen in December, 1870, and met with immediate and unmistakable success. The Norwegian Government presently sent him off with a stipend to study matters and manners in the extreme north of Norway, and before he had fairly started on this errand he had been given another, renewed the following year, to enable him to go abroad in order, as the grant itself reads, "to educate himself as a poet." In Rome he wrote the greater part of his next book, *Tales and Sketches from Norway* (1872), and his first novels of the sea, *The Barque Future* (1872) and *The Pilot and his Wife* (1874). When, after the appearance of the latter book, he was again in Norway, he was voted by the Storthing a yearly pension equal in amount to that already accorded Björnson and Ibsen.

Since this time Lie, beside mere visits to Norway, has lived abroad, and, as far as I am aware, but four of the score of books he has published were written at home. His other novels of the sea, *Rutland* (1880) and *Press On* (1882), came to light, the one in the little Ba-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

varian village of Berchtesgaden, where Ibsen has also lived and worked and Lie has written no less than six other novels, and the other in Hamburg. Since 1882 he has been a resident of Paris.

It was by way of Paris and in Jonas Lie's next book that modern naturalism found its way into Norwegian literature. This book, written after the author's removal to Paris and published the following year, bears the title of *Livsslaven* (*The Life Convict*), and has never found its way into English. A projected translation in the Chicago *Scandinavia* (1886) ended with the first instalment, through the untimely demise of that magazine. A recent writer on this side of the water calls the work, with forbearance, "a dismal tale," and it assuredly is not pleasant reading. Sharp-penned critics in Norway pretended to see in its development of plot too close a resemblance to Daudet's *Jack*, and they pointed to the unmistakable influence of Zola and *L'Assommoir*. The author, however, in a published letter, assured them that he had brought the idea of the story with him from Christiania, and that he had never even read *Jack*. As for the latter point, while it would be idle to deny the inspiring influence of French naturalism, nothing could be less like Zola than are these or any other pages of Lie's.

The subsequent books—there have been eight or nine of them, novels and collections of short stories—are all in this same direction. In Norway they have been warmly received and eagerly read, and they have been widely translated, although we know nothing of them in English. Lie's one drama, *Grabow's Cat* (1880), written in the generative period, before his fullest literary development, was not a great success. It was promptly returned with thanks from Copenhagen, but was subsequently produced for short periods in Christiania, Bergen, and Stockholm.

William H. Carpenter.

A VAGABOND SONG.

There is something in the Autumn that is native to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood ;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by.
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gipsy blood astir :
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

Bliss Carman.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CRITICISM OF LIFE.

The best of definitions is usually more or less inexact, and to define the functions of criticism would be to run an extraordinary risk of being inadequate. But the phrase which Matthew Arnold applied to poetry, "a criticism of life," throws a little light, it seems to me, upon criticism of every sort. It is true that Mr. Stedman has expressed some dissatisfaction with this phrase as a definition of poetry. And yet not only poetry, but all literature, is, or should be, a criticism of life, and we appreciate it just so far as our individual culture is based upon a criticism of life. And since national culture is but the infinite sum of individual culture, it is of no slight consequence to discover what the forces are among Americans which make for or against culture. In other words, have we a literature that is in any sense a criticism of life, and have we the culture to appreciate such criticism? Of course much that passes with us for literature is not literature at all. There are but four kinds of literature—poetry, fiction, drama, and criticism; and history or philosophy or science is only literature when it is criticism; in other words, when it is written from that point of view which means perception of the fact in its relations to other facts, when it is the product of knowledge, it is true, but also of something that is higher than knowledge—that is, of culture. What, for example, makes history literature? A chronicle of events is not literature. To the fact must be added the way of looking at the fact. Mr. Freeman's *Norman Conquest* is a valuable work, but it is not literature, while Mr. Froude's *English Seamen*, with all its errors on its head, just as distinctly is literature.

If literature, then, is a criticism of life, and if even all culture worth the name is first of all essentially critical, it is easy to see how important a thing criticism of any kind is, and how the criticism of literature is practically valueless unless it proceeds from the highest culture. There has been altogether too much criticism of literature which has not proceeded from the highest culture, or indeed, from culture of any kind. At the present time the air is full of the gabble of the imperfectly educated. We make no distinctions, we draw no parallels, but simply content ourselves with proclaiming our crude beliefs. There is a deluge of useless books, written by men and women whose sole equipment for the work is the possession of perfect confidence in opinions which have no large significance, no relation to the criticism of life. And those who should be critics stand hopelessly by, feebly applauding or as feebly denouncing.

I do not deny that there is a vast amount of knowledge in this country. It is a cherished theory of ours that everybody ought to be educated. We delight in our public school system, which is based on the Gradgrind system of filling up the little pitchers with facts. And the little pitchers overflow with facts, the bearing of which on life and those vast issues that make life so terribly complex they have never been taught to appreciate. This kind of education is completely divorced and dissevered from culture. The main result of it is to create a false atmosphere of intelligence, an impression that we are all equally competent to deal with the problems of the time, and that an appeal to public taste is an appeal to culture. Thus the public taste is the only criticism that we recognise, and its standards the only standards that we accept. In the long run the public taste is sound. Sifted by the process of the centuries, the public judgment stands. But the public taste of the moment, untempered by the matured verdict of the critical few, is quite as likely to be wrong as right. The majority of men have not the trained habit of mind, the way of looking at things which is genuine culture; the point of view from which the true perspective can be obtained. There is nothing surprising in this. The surprising thing is that we should ever imagine it to be otherwise. But we are so much in love with our ideal of universal knowledge, so determined to admit no deficiencies in our plan for a general levelling-up, that we are disposed to shut our eyes to the facts and depend

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

upon circumstances for the ultimate justification of our theories. It may be admitted that the levelling-up process is what mankind needs for its highest good. But we can have no gain without a compensating loss, and the education of the masses cannot go on unless at the sacrifice of many old ideals. It is plainly impossible to turn out men and women of a critical habit of mind by the public school methods. We can fill them up with facts, we can bring them to that charming belief in their own intellectual powers which forbids them to listen to any voice but their own, but we cannot make them competent to deal with the larger issues of life. Those are in the very nature of things vast and complicated, and all the education in the world will not make an ordinary human brain an extraordinary one.

Culture would be of little value if it implied a basis of ignorance. But I doubt very much if knowledge of that superficial sort which it seems to be the object of our public schools to give is half so important to the welfare of the race as we are inclined to think, and if an imperfect acquaintance with things which do not concern us really enlarges our mental horizon. A smattering of this, that, and the other, a trifle of philosophy, a dab at history, summer courses of ethics and university extension, a lecture on art, and an essay on Buddhism, Shakspeare, and the musical glasses—I have not that confidence in the efficacy of all these things that I should like to have. I think it is still possible to say something in favour of the older theory of education, which comprehended only the three R's. While it may be that all should have an equal chance—for some of the greatest minds of the race have been evolved from a humble environment—perhaps we should do well if we stopped at offering the chance, and did not strive to bestow upon all alike the ability to understand everything and cope with everything unaided by any higher order of intelligence. But we have gone on offering the doubtful blessing of free education with a bountiful hand, and the air, as I have said, is full of the gabble of the imperfectly educated. It is useless now to wonder at the result, or to grieve over it. There it is, and the question is, what next? Is it possible to inform our knowledge with culture, to refine by the methods of criticism the raw information which most of us possess?

However hopefully we may wish to undertake it, we must admit, I think, that the task is not an easy one. There is something about superiority which enrages the inferior mind, and we have helped to keep alive this rage by our assumption of the equality of mankind. Whether this be true in politics or not, I will not venture to say; but it certainly isn't true in art or in morals. Culture is not a product of democracy, although the argument that it may be is not unfamiliar. If, indeed, our system of education were as potent as we like to fancy it is, if the common mind were a sort of crucible into which the mere fact could be poured and come out in its true proportion to life, then the superiority of culture would be a Pharisaic pretence, with no existence in reality and no basis in any philosophy of æsthetics. We should then have a real democracy of intellect, and one man's judgment would be as good as another's. So far we have not reached this mental millennium, nor can I say that I see how we are ever to reach it. Meanwhile, there remains the necessity of destroying, if we can, the evil influences of the attempt. The attempt, and not the deed, confounds us. A little humility, considering how imperfect our success has been, would be not unbecoming.

Humility is not exactly our *métier* in this country. We are still in the barbarian stage of culture, or only slightly removed from it, and it is a barbarian trick to try to impose upon people by bragging about our importance. The writers of the day who come from the ranks of the imperfectly educated are never weary of proclaiming their entire emancipation from all reverence for the past. They scorn and defy the idols set up by others in the literary marketplace. They have no standards outside of their own tastes, and they accept the instructions of no teachers but themselves. They put forth novels, poetry, essays, in a very ecstasy of fluency, with the superficial cleverness which our system of education has made so easy of attainment. And thus we are getting an American literature of which nine-tenths will be forgotten before the end of another century. It was not so that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lowell or Holmes or the rest of the men whose places are secure wrote their masterpieces. No one heard them proclaiming that a new era had come, that Shakspeare was only a milestone on a road back to the dusty past, that "we" write better novels than Thackeray did, and all the rest of the familiar jargon. But they hardly were fair products of the new democracy of intellect. They had the reverence which the superior mind can feel without a pang, but which to the inferior mind is gall and wormwood.

Perhaps the future of culture in this country, the growth of a true criticism of life, is not quite hopeless, although one might almost be excused for believing that it is. Certainly our national system of education has not done much to further such a growth. Our art is feeble and futile; our literature is poor and mean; we show little sense of beauty and dignity in our lives; so that it requires a buoyant optimism and a cheerful courage to maintain one's faith in the ultimate working together for good of so many noxious influences. We are as yet very far indeed from the critical attitude, whether in relation to literature or to life. That is one reason why our worship is so often the worship of delusive gods. Culture is the one thing which is truth; and the truth, when we know it, shall set us free.

Edward Fuller.

HEINRICH VON SYBEL.

Teacher and writer of history; custodian of archives and editor of historical documents; founder and director of the leading German historical review; politician and political pamphleteer—Heinrich von Sybel, who died last August in his seventy-eighth year, has left a record of varied effort and of worthy achievement. The position generally accorded him as the foremost of German historians since Ranke rests mainly on his two monumental works, the *History of the Revolutionary Period, 1789–1800*, and the *Founding of the German Empire*. The *Revolutionszeit*, of which the first volumes appeared in the fifties and the last in the seventies, was based upon studies in the archives of Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Munich, The Hague, and London. It treated the great Revolution, for the first time, from a point of view neither French nor anti-French, but European. It laid especial stress and threw much new light upon the international relations of the time. Anticipating, as it did in many points, the judgment of Taine, this history gave little satisfaction to the intellectual descendants and admirers of the Jacobins; justifying the partition of Poland, it offended sentimentalists all over the world; treating exhaustively, and with a leaning toward the Prussian side, the relations of Austria and Prussia to France, to each other, and to Germany, it was, until 1866, a campaign document in the contest between the *Grossdeutschen*, or adherents of Austria, and the *Kleindeutschen*, who favoured a "narrower Germany" under Prussian leadership. In the preface to the first volume (1853), the historian summarised the meaning of the Revolution in a sentence which bears to day the stamp of prophecy fulfilled, so strikingly does the present state of Europe confirm his generalisation. "Everywhere," he wrote, "the Revolution completed the overthrow of the mediæval feudal system, . . . and everywhere in favour of *the modern military state*." Sybel's other chief work, his history of the German unity movement from 1848 to 1871, is based, down to the establishment of the North German Federation in 1867, upon the Prussian and other North German archives, and for the entire period upon the writer's personal experience and observation, and upon information furnished him by the leading actors in the drama. The latter fact will give the work enduring value as material for the future historian, even if the vigour and beauty of the narrative should fail to hold the future reader. This book, however, even more than Sybel's other writings, ought long to resist decay by reason of its finish. With laborious research and patient sifting of evidence it unites that distinctively literary quality and charm which the late J. R. Seeley

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

declared incompatible with scientific historiography. Both of these works, the *Revolutionary Period* and the *German Empire*, have been translated into English.

Before his *Revolutionszeit* made him famous, Sybel was known to scholars at least by his *History of the First Crusade* (1841), and his *Origin of German Kingship* (1844). The impulse to the first of these histories was given by Ranke, under whose guidance the young Sybel pursued his university studies. In this book the "sources" were subjected to scientific examination, and it was shown that the influence of Peter the Hermit and the achievement of Godfrey of Bouillon were mainly legendary. In his preface to a second edition, published forty years after the first, the author notes that later investigators, both in France and in Germany, have accepted the chief results of his early studies, and adds, with a humour regrettably lacking in most German scholars, but thoroughly characteristic of Sybel at least, that in the course of another forty years these results "may be fortunate enough to find their way into the schoolbooks." In his treatise on primitive German monarchy Sybel took issue with Waitz, who had endowed the early Teutons with all the political virtues, and maintained that until the Germans came under the influence of the Roman civilization they were practically barbarians, with no substantial political organization higher than the clan—an opinion which has been abundantly confirmed by subsequent studies in early German law. In addition to these works Sybel published, from time to time, historical essays, of which the most valuable were collected between 1863 and 1869 into three volumes of *Kleinere Historische Schriften* (3d ed., 1880).

In all his historical writings Sybel displayed a constant striving for the impartial and objective point of view, and a conscientious effort to present the truth as he saw it. Characteristic of the man is a passage in the introduction to his *German Empire*. He has endeavoured, he says, "to confess, without palliation, the faults committed and the mistakes made in our own camp; to judge justly and fairly the conduct of our adversaries; in other words, not to derive the motives of their actions from folly or wickedness, but to comprehend them as the result of the historical premises of their whole position." Still more characteristic is the treatment, in the same book, of his own political attitude in the early sixties. Like nearly all the Liberals of 1848, Sybel was then hostile to Bismarck, and as a member of the Prussian Diet he played a prominent part in the parliamentary opposition to Bismark's ministry. Like the majority of his political friends, he recognized, in 1866, that he had misconceived Bismarck's aims, and immediately became a supporter of that statesman's policy. In describing the political events of 1861–66, Sybel the historian explains and defends Bismarck's course. When it is necessary, he takes note of the attitude of Sybel the deputy; he mentions the fact that such a resolution was moved or such a report rendered by "Sybel." These notices are as objective as if they related, not to the chronicler, but to a namesake; and there is no attempt, such as a smaller man would surely have made, to explain or defend either the deputy's opposition or the historian's change of view.

In Sybel the man there were clearly qualities that inspired confidence and won respect, quite apart from his reputation as a writer of histories. It was not alone his reputation as a historian which secured to him the use, without conditions or limitations, of the Austrian archives and of the documents in the French foreign office, both jealously guarded until opened to him. His admission to the latter collection was obtained through the direct intervention of Napoleon III., who further showed his appreciation of Sybel's discretion by discussing with him, most frankly and undiplomatically, the then pending Luxemburg question (1867).

Sybel's academic career extended from 1841, when his *First Crusade* obtained him the *venia docendi* at Bonn, to 1875, when he was appointed director of the Prussian State archives. He became extraordinary professor at Bonn in 1844, ordinary professor at Marburg in 1845. He was called to Munich in 1856, and returned to Bonn (as Dahlmann's successor) in 1861. During the first years of his residence in Berlin (1875–76), he lectured in the university, but it does not appear that he became a member of the regular teaching staff.

In the middle of this century, German politics (except as practised by the gov-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

erning bureaucracy) were essentially academic in tone and character, and a professorship was a natural avenue into political life. In 1848 Sybel became deputy from the University of Marburg in the Diet of electoral Hesse. In 1852 he sat as a Hessian deputy in the Erfurt Parliament. During these stirring years, as in his later political life, he was a moderate Liberal and a *Kleindeutscher*. In 1862, after his return to Bonn, he was elected to the Prussian Diet, from which he resigned in 1864 on account of an obstinate affection of the eyes. In 1867 he was elected a member of the first or "constituent" Parliament of the North German Federation. In 1874 he was again elected to the Prussian Diet, and retained his seat through two subsequent elections. His active participation in political life accordingly extended, with interruptions, over a period of more than thirty years. During these years he naturally delivered many addresses and published not a few political pamphlets. A collection (*Vorträge und Aufsätze*) was published at Berlin in 1874. One address deserves special mention. Early in the seventies, when the enthusiasm and pride of the Germans were at their highest pitch, Sybel told his countrymen, in a speech which was widely noted and discussed, that in almost every field except that of politics they had much to learn from the French.

Closely connected with his academic and literary activity, but not uninfluenced by his political career, was his connection with State archives, first at Munich, where he acted as Secretary to the Royal Bavarian Historical Commission from 1859 to 1861, and inaugurated a series of important publications, and afterwards at Berlin, where he held the position of Director of the Prussian State archives from 1875 until his death. Here, again, his impulse was felt in the publication of many valuable documents relating to Prussian and German history.* From these archives, by royal permission, Sybel drew priceless material for his *Founding of the German Empire*. Shortly after Bismarck's retirement from office, and before the work was completed, the historian was forbidden to make farther use of the archives. It is commonly believed that William II. felt that Sybel, in his narration of the events prior to 1867, had not duly subordinated the person of the great Chancellor to that of his master the King. In fact, no more attractive picture than that which Sybel gives of William I. has been drawn by any professed panegyrist—none that brings out more clearly the old King's simplicity of nature, rectitude of purpose, and invariable good sense.

As a member of the Berlin Academy of Sciences, Sybel edited the *Political Correspondence of Frederick the Great*. For many years he acted as a member of the commission which supervises the publication of the *Monumenta Germanica*. In 1859 he established the *Historische Zeitschrift*, of which he retained until his death the chief editorial control.

Munroe Smith.

* For a statement of the character and value of the work done in the Prussian archives under Sybel's direction, see H. L. Osgood, "The Prussian Archives," *Political Science Quarterly*, September, 1893.

A SONG OF THE ROSY-CROSS.

He who measures gain and loss,
  When he gave to thee the Rose,
Gave to me alone the Cross;
  Where the blood-red blossom blows
In a wood of dew and moss,
  There thy wandering pathway goes,
Mine where waters brood and toss;
  Yet one joy have I, hid close,
He who measures gain and loss,
  When he gave to thee the Rose,
Gave to me alone the Cross.

W. B. Yeats.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS AND CULTURE.

By the Author of "My Study Fire," "Short Studies in Literature," etc.

IX.—PERSONALITY.

"It is undeniable," says Matthew Arnold, "that the exercise of a creative power, that a free creative activity is the highest function of man; it is proved to be so by man's finding in it his true happiness." If this be true, and the heart of man apart from all testimony affirms it, then the great books not only embody and express the genius and vital knowledge of the race which created them, but they are the products of the highest activity of man in the finest moments of his life. They represent a high felicity no less than a noble gift; they are the memorials of a happiness which may have been brief, but which, while it lasted, had a touch of the divine in it; for men are never nearer divinity than in their creative impulses and moments. Homer may have been blind, but if he composed the epics which bear his name he must have known moments of purer happiness than his most fortunate contemporary; Dante missed the lesser comforts of life, but there were hours of transcendent joy in his lonely career. For the highest joy of which men taste is the full, free, and noble putting forth of the power that is in them; no moments in human experience are so thrilling as those in which a man's soul goes out from him into some adequate and beautiful form of expression. In the act of creation a man incorporates his own personality into the visible world about him, and in a true and noble sense gives himself to his fellows. When an artist looks at his work he sees himself; he has performed the highest task of which he is capable, and fulfilled the highest purpose for which he was planned by an artist greater than himself.

The rapture of the creative mood and moment is the reward of the little group whose touch on any kind of material is imperishable. It comes when the spell of inspired work is on them, or in the moment which follows immediately on completion and before the reaction of depression, which is the heavy penalty of the artistic temperament, has set in. Balzac knew it in that frenzy of work which seized him for days together; and Thackeray knew it, as he confesses, when he had put the finishing touches on that striking scene in which Rawdon Crawley thrashes Lord Steyne within an inch of his wicked life. The great novelist, who happened also to be a great writer, knew that the whole scene in conception and execution was a stroke of genius. But while this supreme rapture belongs to a chosen few, it may be shared by all those who are ready to open the imagination to its approach. It is one of the great rewards of the artist that while other kinds of joy are often pathetically short-lived, his joy, having brought forth enduring works, is, in a sense, imperishable. And it not only endures; it renews itself in kindred moments and experiences which it bestows upon those who approach it sympathetically. There are lines in the *Divine Comedy* which thrill us to-day as they must have thrilled Dante; there are passages in the Shakspearian plays and sonnets which make a riot in the blood to-day as they doubtless set the poet's pulses beating three centuries ago. The student of literature, therefore, finds in its noblest works not only the ultimate results of race experience and the characteristic quality of race genius, but the highest activity of the greatest minds in their happiest and most expansive moments. In this commingling of the best that is in the race and the best that is in the individual lies the mystery of that double revelation which makes every work of art a disclosure not only of the nature of the man behind it, but of all men behind him. In this commingling, too, is preserved the most precious deposit of what the race has been and done, and of what the man has seen, felt, and known. In the nature of things no educational material can be richer; none so fundamentally expansive and illuminative.

This contact with the richest personalties the world has produced is one of the deepest sources of culture; for nothing is more truly educative than asso-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ciation with persons of the highest intelligence and power. When a man recalls his educational experience, he finds that many of his richest opportunities were not identified with subjects or systems or apparatus, but with teachers. There is fundamental truth in Emerson's declaration that it makes very little difference what you study, but that it is in the highest degree important with whom you study. There flows from the living teacher a power which no text-book can compass or contain—the power of liberating the imagination and setting the student free to become an original investigator. Text-books supply methods, information, and discipline; teachers impart the breath of life by giving us inspiration and impulse. Now, the great books are different from all other books in their possession of this mysterious vital force; they are not only text-books by reason of the knowledge they contain, but they are also books of life by reason of the disclosure of personality which they make. The student of *Faust* receives from that drama not only the poet's interpretation of man's life in the world, but he is also brought under the spell of Goethe's personality and, in a real sense, gets from his book that which his friends got from the man. This is not true of secondary books; it is true only of first-hand books. Secondary books are often products of skill, pieces of well-wrought but entirely self-conscious craftsmanship; first-hand books are always the expression of what is deepest, most original, and distinctive in the nature which produces them. In such books, therefore, we get not only the skill, the art, the knowledge; we get, above all, the man. There is added to what he has to give us of thought or form the inestimable boon of his companionship.

The reality of this element of personality and the force for culture which resides in it are clearly illustrated by a comparison of the works of Plato with those of Aristotle. Aristotle was for many centuries the first name in philosophy, and is still one of the greatest; but Aristotle, although a student of the principles of the art of literature and a critic of deep philosophical insight, was primarily a thinker, not an artist. One goes to him for discipline, for thought, for training in a very high sense; one does not go to him for form, beauty, or personality. It is a clear, distinct, logical order of ideas, a definite system which he gives us; not a view of life, a disclosure of the nature of man, a synthesis of ideas touched with beauty, dramatically arranged and set in the atmosphere of Athenian life. For these things one goes to Plato, who is not only a thinker, but an artist of wonderful gifts; one who so closely and beautifully relates Greek thought to Greek life that we seem not to be studying a system of philosophy, but mingling with the society of Athens in its most fascinating groups and at its most significant moments. To the student of Aristotle the personality of the writer counts for nothing; to the student of the *Dialogues*, on the other hand, the personality of Plato counts for everything. If we approach him as a thinker, it is true, we discard everything except his ideas; but if we approach him as a great writer ideas are but part of the rich and illuminating whole which he offers us. One can imagine a man fully acquainting himself with the work of Aristotle and yet remaining almost devoid of culture; but one cannot imagine a man coming into intimate companionship with Plato and remaining untouched by his rich, representative personality.

From such a companionship something must flow besides an enlargement of ideas or a development of the power of clear thinking; there must flow also the stimulating and illuminating impulse of a fresh contact with a great nature; there must result a certain liberation of the imagination, a certain widening of experience, a certain ripening of the mind of the student. The beauty of form, the varied and vital aspects of religious, social, and individual character, the splendour and charm of a nobly ordered art in temples, speech, manners, and dress, the constant suggestion of the deep humanism behind that art and of the freshness and reality of all its forms of expression—these things are as much and as great a part of the *Dialogues* as the thought; and they are full of that quality which enriches and ripens the mind that comes under their influence. In these qualities of his style quite as much as in his ideas is to be found the real Plato, the great artist, who refused to consider philosophy as an abstract creation of the mind, existing, so far as man is concerned, apart

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from the mind which formulates it ; but who saw life in its totality and made thought luminous and real by disclosing it at all points against the background of the life, the nature, and the habits of the thinker. This is the method of culture as distinguished from that of scholarship ; and this is also the disclosure of the personality of Plato as distinguished from his philosophical genius. Whoever studies the *Dialogues* with his heart as well as with his mind comes into personal relations with the richest mind of antiquity.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

A NEMESIS FOR CRITICS.

The dinner had reached its end—a remarkably good dinner it was, too. The cat-like waiter, after setting out the *demi-tasses*, had placed a dainty little silver lamp between us and had disappeared. In the opposite corner the sea-coal sent forth a soft glow that gleamed cheerily on the pictures hanging in artistic irregularity upon the dusky wall. The Successful Author selected a long, thin cigar from the box before him, and lighting it in the flame of the lamp, leaned back in his big leathern chair with the benignant look of one who has dined well and for whom, therefore, Fate has no ill in store.

I thought it a propitious moment to speak of the great success of his latest book, which every one was reading. It had been told me that he disliked any mention of such things, but nevertheless I ventured to say a word of congratulation. He listened to me with no sign of impatience.

"Yes," he said at last, very much as though he were speaking of another man's affairs—"yes, it has done very well—wonderfully well. I believe the sale of it has run up to some forty thousand copies, and that it is still selling. A French translation came out last week, and some one is going to put it into German. That is really as much as one could reasonably ask for."

He was so quiet, so impersonal about it, that he piqued my curiosity. I am always curious about the working of authors' minds, anyhow.

"Anybody would suppose that it didn't interest you," I said. "Doesn't a success of that kind give you a sort of thrill—a keen sense of pleasure? I should think it would."

"Oh, one is pleased, of course ; but by the time that one is enough of an old hand to score successes, he has got beyond the point when he has any particular emotions from them. So far as my experience goes, the only authors who get any thrills out of their works are the lucky people whose first books succeed—people who leap into fame—and there are precious few of those. Mrs. Humphry Ward and Rudyard Kipling are about the only ones in our generation that I can think of."

"And yourself. I remember well enough the stir your first book made."

"My first novel—yes ; but not my first book. You didn't know that I had published anything but novels? Well, that's a proof of what I was saying, that I'm not one of the lucky ones who score successes at the start, and win the big prize in the lottery at the first drawing. Dear me, one's first book! What a rare and wonderful thing to any author is his first book! How he works over it, and caresses it, and gives it a million little touches, and dreams of it, and wakes up in the night and pictures its coming triumph! How thrilling are the proof-sheets when they first come to him! When the first complete copy of it actually arrives he wants to shout aloud and dance a war dance. He has fledged out into authorship, and he walks on air—he is a god. And then when he finds that no one reads it, and that even his next-door neighbour has never heard of it—then he falls so far down from his golden heights that he never quite climbs up to them again.

"Now in my own case, looking back on my first attempt, there was no reason why it should have made a great hit. It was not fiction, nor a book that would naturally be especially popular, yet I really think it ought to have had some little success in its way ; and even a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little success would have meant so much to me then! It was a work of research, and it really embodied a very good idea. You wouldn't believe the amount of labour and study and thought that I put into it. But it never sold well enough to pay the publisher for making the plates. It fell absolutely flat."

"Perhaps it was too good for the public," I said, rather feebly.

"Nothing is too good for the public. That is a saying with which people who fail try to excuse a *coup manqué*. No, my first book was murdered—killed at its birth by a confounded reviewer."

This made me smile internally. It sounded so much like a very young author, and not at all like a literary veteran.

"But can a single adverse review kill a book?" I could not help asking.

"That depends. It killed mine. You see, the book was one that contained a good deal of special knowledge. It was almost technical, and rather too much so for the average reviewer. Consequently the general run of them held off for a time, and the first notice of it appeared in the *State*. Now, as you know, the *State* is a very high-class weekly publication. Its reviews are supposed to be—and generally are—from the pens of specialists. Well, the writer who reviewed my unfortunate production simply wrote a few rather tolerantly contemptuous lines about it and passed it by. All the other reviews and magazines took their cue from this, not having any special knowledge on the subject, and either passed over it altogether, or else simply repeated the *State's* opinion in different language. The book never got a fair consideration at all."

"Oh, well," I said, "I suppose every one suffers in that way at some time or another. There isn't any help for it, of course."

"But why 'of course'? That raises the whole question, doesn't it, of the responsibility of critics? I don't see the 'of course' at all. For instance, in reviewing that book of mine, what did the critic say? Why he said that the work before him, while happy in its choice of subject, 'was not to be considered seriously, because the writer had not qualified himself by any preliminary study and research.' Now this was just the one criticism that could kill the book, because lack of preliminary study was the one fault that would make the whole thing worthless."

"Oh, well, one can't quarrel with the personal opinion of a reviewer. Of course, the opinion may be altogether incorrect; yet if he holds it, what are you to do?"

"Yes, but this was not a question of opinion at all, but one of fact. If he had criticised the style, or objected to the logic of the conclusions, or denounced the dangerous tendency of the argument—all this would have been a matter of opinion, and therefore unassailable. But when he said that I had made no preliminary study of the subject, he simply wrote down what was demonstrably untrue. As a matter of fact, I had given the subject a most thorough study. I had read all the literature that bore upon it (it was an historical topic), I had even spent some eighteen months in Berlin and Paris among the original sources, and the thing had been constantly before my mind for five or six years. This criticism was, therefore, not only false, but could be proven so."

"Well, granting that it could, what then?"

"Why, simply this. By publishing that hasty condemnation, and thus killing the sale of the book, my critic laid himself open, I hold, to legal prosecution. Take a parallel case outside the sphere of literature. Suppose I have a country house that I want to sell. The local newspaper, let us say, speaks of it as a house of no architectural merit, and built on the worst site for getting a good view; it makes fun of the colour of the blinds, and says that the effect of the whole is incongruous and absurd. So far I have no remedy, for those things are matters of opinion. But suppose it goes on to say that the drainage of the house is defective, that the plumbing is unsanitary, and the neighbourhood malarious—those are statements involving questions of fact, and can be disproved; and as they seriously damage the value of my property, I can bring suit against the author of those falsehoods and recover damages. Now why should it be otherwise in literature? I have a book to sell, into which I have put valuable time, labour, and effort. It is just as much property as a house; and if a reviewer makes false statements calculated to affect the value of that property, why

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

should I not equally recover damages? If he may not steal my book, neither may he wantonly impair its value. And this is just as true of artistic and dramatic criticism as of any other. A critic may find fault with the subject, or the treatment, or the colouring of a picture, and he is well within his rights; but if he says it is out of drawing, then let him be careful, for he is making a statement for which he can be brought to book. And so if he writes of an actor that he has not got up his lines, or of an operatic *débutante* that she flatted her notes, he is saying this at his peril!"

"But how would you propose to call the critic to account?"

"Simply by having authors, for instance, combine for their own protection, and after raising a sufficiently large fund for the purpose, appoint a standing committee to investigate all complaints made by any writer against reviewers who misstate facts in their published criticisms. The committee should sue every such reviewer, just as Fenimore Cooper sued his newspaper enemies, and they should follow it up as he did until it dawns upon those gentry that property in a book is just as sacred as any other property, and that literary libel is just as punishable as any other libel. At first it would be regarded as a huge joke; but after a few reviewers had been made to pay a hundred dollars or so for the pleasure of slating an author whose work they have only half read, they would begin to think it rather an expensive luxury, and would take their *métier* as seriously as they ought to do."

The Successful Author chuckled at the scheme that he had evolved, and as he finished his cigar, stretched himself luxuriously as though he hugely relished the prospect of a literary vendetta. It was growing late, and I had to come away, leaving him still laughing softly by the fire; but as I walked down the street, it occurred to me to write his notions down to warn the Bludyers of the press that the time may be near at hand when they will actually have to know a little something about the books whose fortunes they so lightly undertake to make or mar.

P. K.

A MARGINAL NOTE.

A poet's volume open in my hand,
I read his words the while the mighty sea
Sang in a drowsy undertone to me
Outstretched in ease upon the smooth white sand.
All through the afternoon across the land
A soft, west wind brought hints of melody—
Message of bird and whispering of tree—
Dropping them lightly down upon the strand.

Lyrics and Sonnets—on and on I read,
Unto the music ever listening,
Nor knowing whether sea or west wind said
In measured rhyme the memorable thing,
Or yet if 'twere the poet's voice instead;
But this I knew—'twas joy to hear them sing!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LONDON LETTER.

The Prospects of the Autumn Publishing Season.

The impression prevails in publishing circles that the new season is to be a good one. It is certain that trade is improving, and authors and publishers expect to share in the good things coming. But, as a rule, the new lists are less attractive than usual, and in some cases they are singularly and disappointingly brief. This applies, for example, to the lists of Messrs. A. and C. Black and Messrs. Chatto and Windus, not to speak of other firms. Can it be that some publishers at least were not prepared for the revival, and decided that a cautious policy was advisable? It is tolerably certain that the lists so far as published do not give a complete idea of what we may expect, and that there are some surprises coming, I am in a position to say.

To begin with fiction, Dr. Conan Doyle has just issued his *Stark Munro Letters*, which ran through the pages of the *Idler*. A new book by Dr. Doyle is no longer an event, and it may be doubted whether he has not considerably lost ground since the days of his great popularity. Neither *The Stark Munro Letters* nor *Round the Red Lamp* is worthy of him, although it is needless to say that both bear evident marks of his great ability. The notices of *The Stark Munro Letters* are not unkind, but there is a general sense of disappointment. Dr. Doyle's medical knowledge does not help him. To use the secrets of the doctor wisely in fiction immense refinement and tact are necessary, and these are not Dr. Doyle's strong points. Neither does he shine as theologian or philosopher, though in his last book he makes incursions into their domains. It is, of course, interesting to see what a man like Dr. Doyle thinks of such subjects, but his best friends are of opinion that he is writing too quickly and turning out work too carelessly. His great gift of story-telling does not get fair play when it fails to give to the work the last labour and polish of which he is capable.

Mr. Hardy has at last settled on a title for his new book; *Jude the Obscure* is his final selection. Those who have read the story in *Harper's* must read it again in volume form; the changes are considerable and structural. There is a general unanimity amongst the novelists that Mr. Hardy is their master, and a large circulation may evidently be expected for his latest book. Mr. Kipling gives us nothing but a second *Jungle Book*. He was to publish a volume of ballads, but influenced possibly by the very unfavourable criticisms made on his recent poetical contributions to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, he has decided to wait a year. Mr. Kipling has undoubtedly lost ground in England, but he does not seem to be writing too much. Mr. Andrew Lang's tale, *A Monk of Fife*, is considered by Mr. Crockett to be an admirable adventure story, and likely to be a great popular success. Mr. Crockett himself has just issued *The Men of the Moss-Hags*, which has been running through *Good Words* here, and promises to be very popular. Mr. Stanley Weyman holds his public. His volume of short stories, *From the Memoirs of a Minister of France*, has reached at the time of writing a sale of 15,000 copies. Mr. Hall Caine has no book this autumn, but his former novels are being issued in six-shilling volumes with prefaces. Mr. Hall Caine's next story will appear, I believe, in the *Windsor Magazine* here, and in *Munsey's Magazine* in America. Mr. Quiller-Couch hoped this year to publish a complete novel of the usual size. He has been induced, however, to use his materials for a story which will appear in *Yuletide*, Messrs. Cassell's Christmas annual. He will also issue another collection of short stories, a book of criticisms, and another of fairy tales. Mr. Anthony Hope has work in hand which is said to be equal to his best, but Mr. Hope writes so much that not even the most dogmatic bookman will affirm certainly what was his last work. Mr. Barrie publishes nothing this year, but has, however, finished at last his tale, *Sentimental Tommy*, which will commence in *Scribner's* for January. An English

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

magazine has been endeavouring to secure the serial rights here, but whether successfully or not I cannot at present say. *Sentimental Tommy* deals with child life, and leaves the hero at the age of fifteen. It will probably be followed by a sequel. The atmosphere of Thrums is said to breathe through it. Ian Maclaren's new book, *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*, will, I venture to predict, be the most popular book of the season. It is in every respect equal to its predecessor, and is sure to command an immense sale. The author has been busy with his new story, *Kate Carnegie*, which is to appear in the *Woman at Home* during 1896. He has been spending part of his holidays among the scenes of the new tale.

Altogether this may be looked upon as fairly satisfactory. I do not see at present any sign of a new writer captivating the public during this year, but one never knows. It is seldom that two years pass without a new star rising. The three-volume novel has been almost stamped out, but Messrs. Bentley have made a bold effort to fight the libraries. I doubt whether they will be successful. Mudie and Smith have greatly profited by the six-shilling novel, having had a much better year since it became the vogue. I am told that they refused to subscribe for a single copy of a recent three-volume novel by a popular authoress. The sale of three-volume novels to the outside public is too small to make the experiment remunerative.

Turning to the field of biography, some interesting books are promised. By far the most attractive should be the *Letters of Matthew Arnold*. Their publication should revive a name which has grown comparatively dim, though it is only seven years since Arnold died. The *Life of Sir Andrew Clarke*, by Canon MacColl, should contain some important material, but Sir Andrew for all his frankness was very reticent and discreet. It will probably not appear for some time yet. Whether it will throw full light on the painful circumstances of Sir Andrew's birth and childhood remains to be seen. Mr. George Saintsbury's *History of Nineteenth-Century Literature* will be sure to be exceedingly good and suggestive. The present writer, along with Mr. Thomas J. Wise, the eminent bibliographer, has prepared for publication the first volume of *Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century: Contributions towards a Literary History of the Period*. It is on the plan of Nichol's well-known *Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century*, and will, it is hoped, contain much material useful to future writers. While the great figures of the century have not been neglected, special attention has been paid to writers of whom no adequate biography exists. Some of the best known of English literary men are giving their assistance in the venture. We are to have two Catholic biographies of importance, one of Cardinal Manning, by Mr. Purcell, part of which has already appeared in the *Dublin Review*. The other is *The Life of Cardinal Wiseman*. This seems a belated book, but in the hands of Mr. Wilfrid Ward it is sure to be attractive. Mr. Heinemann is to publish a translation of Renan's *Memoirs*. *The Life and Letters of John Nichol*, late Professor of English Literature in the University of Glasgow, will be edited by Professor Knight, of St. Andrews, and J. Pringle Nichol. In his early days, Nichol was closely associated with Swinburne, and they issued a periodical together, the numbers of which are now extremely rare. In poetry, by far the most important book will be the posthumous poems of Miss Rossetti. I understand that her brother has found no fewer than three hundred, and that in his judgment they are fully equal to the best hitherto published. This is good news, and promises a substantial addition to English literature.

In theology, the most popular book will be that of Professor George Adam Smith on the minor prophets, or, as Professor Smith calls it, *The Book of the Twelve Prophets*. He dislikes the word "minor." The exposition is a work of extraordinary vivacity, and promises to become as well known as the same author's *Isaiah*. Another work of importance will be Professor W. M. Ramsay's *St. Paul as a Traveller and Citizen in Asia Minor*. The Messrs. Macmillan are issuing a Bible for English readers. The text is to be that of the Revised Version, and the volumes will be printed like ordinary books. The editor is Professor Moulton. The important *International Critical Commentary on the Old and New Testament* proceeds, three volumes having been already published. More extracts from Professor Hort's lec-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tures are promised by Messrs. Macmillan, but it is doubtful whether the publication of the posthumous works of the Cambridge scholars has not already been carried quite far enough. The lists of the Clarendon Press and the Cambridge Press are this year somewhat meagre, among the most attractive announcement being an introduction to the Septuagint from the competent hands of Dr. H. B. Swete.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LONDON, September 23, 1895.

PARIS LETTER.

That the pen is mightier than the sword is a fact generally admitted. It now appears that there is something mightier than the pen—and that is the bicycle. It further appears that the bicycling craze accounts for the *crise du livre*, about which book-manufacturers and sellers of every kind, from the binder to the author, are so bitterly complaining in Paris. That this crisis exists is a matter of common knowledge, and though no doubt the bicycling mania has much to answer for, there are various other causes which are grievously affecting the book trade.

So many ladies now bicycle in France—one might better write, so few ladies do not now bicycle in France—that those who were formerly the best customers of the book-shops have now no time for reading. Some also prefer to save their money for the purchase of the newest "pneu," or towards the expenses of a tour, and the first expense that a woman cuts down is that of books—at least, so Parisian booksellers say. The bicycle is not, however, to blame entirely for the existing "slump." The authors have themselves largely to thank for the present state of things, which seems to indicate a tardy if effectual revolt against the kind of wares which the manufacturers of literature have for so many years past been forcing on the French public. Doubtless the introduction of sports, the spread of the fashion of taking abundant out-of-door exercise, and the consequent general elevation of tone, both physical and moral, have disgusted both men and women with the morbid and unhealthy rubbish which in their days of degeneration was their spiritual pabulum. One can emphatically say that this is an excellent sign.

Then again the *cabinet de lecture*, or circulating library, has been extending in France, or rather, I should say, it has of late been coming into favour once more, for, of course, the circulating library is a French invention, and was at one time as popular in France as it now is in England. But the proprietors of the French *cabinets de lecture* are by no means men of such enterprise as are the proprietors of similar establishments in London. At least, I never heard of even one dozen copies of any new book being ordered by any French *cabinet de lecture*. In England, from five hundred to one thousand copies of a work by a popular author are often subscribed for by each of the big libraries. The *directeur* of a French lending library would faint at the bare idea of such an investment.

Then there are the newspapers, which in France, far more than in England, compete with books. Not only do all the dailies publish serial stories—some papers even publish two or three serial stories simultaneously—but many of them, such as *Le Journal*, the *Echo de Paris*, and the *Gil Blas*, publish daily from one to three short stories by the best writers. Then there are the literary supplements of the daily papers. Most of these are published once a week, as the supplements of *Le Figaro*, the *Gil Blas*, the *Echo de Paris*, and the *Journal*, but others are published bi- or tri-weekly, as the supplement of *La Lanterne*. These supplements supply literature, pure or impure, in abundance, at a price against which it is impossible for the publisher of books to compete. It is true that of late most of the matter, both literary and pictorial, given in these supplements, has been of a very unhealthy kind—in the case of the tri-weekly supplement of *La Lanterne* it has been garbage pure and simple—and that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

possibly the reaction to which I have alluded has made itself felt here also ; but, on the other hand, such supplements as those issued weekly by the proprietors of the *Petit Journal*, the *Intransigeant*, and the *Petit Parisien* newspapers, contain nothing but what is pure and wholesome, and, no doubt, the competition of these periodicals greatly affects the book-publishers.

Monsieur Albert Cim, in a very interesting article in the *Revue Encyclopédique*, gives another reason for the existing crisis. He blames the publishers themselves, who, he says, inundate the market with their remnants, or "nightingales," as the French slang has it, and mentions that one publishing house alone emptied out on to Paris several hundred thousand volumes at any price they would fetch, merely to clear their warehouses. In England these nightingales usually take wing to the butterman or the waste-paper dealer. In France, remnants go to special dealers at prices which enable these to retail a 3 franc 50 c. book at forty or fifty centimes, to the evident detriment of the latest novelty. I know several gentlemen in Paris—and every visitor to the French capital must have seen them at one time or another—who make a very good living by hawking these nightingales round the *cafés*. Who, seated, for instance, on the *terrasse* of the Café de la Paix, has not seen a venerable old man, with a long white beard, and a great pile of books in his arms, who shouts as he offers these for sale, "The ruin of the publishers ! The downfall of the authors ! At forty centimes each. I sell them at forty centimes each"? Many of these books are by well-known writers, these particular works not having "caught on" for some reason or other, or having been printed in excess of the demand for them. The venerable old gentleman in question once told me, over an absinthe, that on an average he earned twenty francs a day, "which," he cynically added, "is more than many of you men of letters earn." And he was quite right.

Émile Zola's *Rome* will not be ready till the spring of next year, though it will previously appear in serial form in *Le Journal*. Zola, however, always advises his friends in confidence not to read his stories in their serial form, as he always makes many alterations, emendations, and additions before they appear in volumes. It is the same with Hall Caine, who labours hard over his proofs of the book, though little, if at all, over the newspaper proofs.

Hall Caine, by the way, next to Mrs. Humphry Ward, has secured the record prices for serial rights in connection with the book which he is now preparing. For the English serial rights he will receive £1500, from America he will receive at the rate of three cents a word, and fees from other sources will bring the total amount realised by the serial rights of this new novel up to close upon £3000. This is even better than the prices which Émile Zola commands.

Albert Savine will publish a volume this season which will delight the lovers of Stendhal. It is a new edition of his remarkable *Nouvelles Italiennes*, which contain much of his best work. M. Paul Adam has written a curious preface to this book, and this should be very interesting reading, as Adam is one of Stendhal's spiritual children, and his style is a very fair imitation of Beyle's style, one of the best imitations of the many which Stendhal's successors have attempted. It is not a style which I greatly admire, greatly as I admire Stendhal ; its aridity being too pronounced, and the general flavour one of affectation. Beyle used to say that he always wrote with the Code Napoléon open before him, modelling his phrases on those in that curtest of codes. Paul Adam, by the way, who now holds a very enviable position in contemporary French literature, first attracted attention to himself—he was then only twenty years old—with a novel, *Chair Nue* (the title explains much), which landed him in the Assize Court. In France, however, that sort of advertisement often helps an author.

Another book which M. Albert Savine will publish shortly is J. Rosny's new novel. One hopes that the two brothers who write as "J. H. Rosny" may at last score a popular success. They have had great literary success, but not the other kind, and they have suffered more misery and hardship than any writers that I have ever heard of.

Paul Bourget is in Scotland correcting the last proofs of his new novel, *L'Idylle Tragique*, which will shortly be published by Lemerre, and is being eagerly looked forward to by Bourget's special *clientèle*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of ladies and ladies' men. Another work in M. Lemerre's list for the autumn season, which will appeal to a larger public, is the *Souvenirs de Jeunesse et Impressions d'Art* of that great painter, M. Jules Breton. The ladies will also be catered to by Marcel Prévost's *Lettres de Femmes*, illustrated by Gerbault, a new edition, and by his new novel, *Le Jardin Secret*. These are two works of which I shall watch the reception with interest, as indicative of the extent of the reaction against the literature of degeneration to which I have alluded.

The coming season will also see the publication of H.R.H. the Duc d'Aumale's great work, *L'Histoire des Princes de Condé*, for which some of us would gladly give all the novels ever written. Of an historical nature—the last manifestations of the Napoleonic craze—are also Maréchal Davout's *Journal de la Campagne de Prusse 1806–1807*,—which should help to soothe the irritation of the French at recent manifestations in Germany—and the *Letters of the Duchess de Broglie*, edited by the Duc de Broglie. All these works will be published by Messrs. Calmann Lévy, whose list also contains Gounod's *Mémoires d'un Artiste*, and a new book by Pierre Loti, entitled *La Galilée*. Lovers of Gounod's music will read with interest his account of the first performance of *Faust*, which was hissed off the stage on that occasion. Massenet, the composer, who was playing in the orchestra at the time, has often told me of this memorable performance, and of his great indignation with the public. "I wanted to jump out into the stalls," he says, "and smash my trombone over their thick heads."

Jeanniot, the artist, has illustrated a complete edition of Paul Déroulède's *Poésies Militaires*, which will shortly be published by Calmann Lévy. Octave Feuillet has prepared a second volume of his *Souvenirs Personnels*. The first volume was a great success.

Robert H. Sherard.

123 BOULEVARD MAGENTA, PARIS.

NEW BOOKS.

THE NOVELS OF TWO JOURNALISTS.*

The question whether journalism helps or hinders a writer to create literature has recently been discussed by the local press with fresh interest, and the discussion is likely to continue for a long time, inasmuch as the controversialists seek to reach general conclusions where no general conclusion can be reached. Meantime, two novels from newspaper men of New York furnish a contribution to the revival of the subject, whether or not they be accepted as proof on the one side or the other. The authors, Mr. Stephen Crane and Mr. Edward W. Townsend, are both engaged in active journalism, and in the work which first distinguishes them from the army of anonymous writers there is a degree of resemblance. Each in his first work of fiction deals with the slums, finding the light of his art in the shadows of the under-world which his profession forced him to penetrate. *Maggie, a Girl of the Streets*, Mr. Crane's first expression of the deep feeling of life thus imbibed is among the saddest books in our language. Mr. Townsend, writing from the same standpoint, touches these terrible problems with alleviating humour, thus increasing rather than lessening the conviction of his sympathy and earnestness. Smiles at "Chimmie Fadden's" extravagances serve to make more acute the pathos of his early life, as the readiest laughter lies always closest to the quickest tears. So far the literary careers of the two journalists may be said to have run on somewhat parallel lines; but in their new books they part company widely, one taking a different theme and the other a different manner. It is a far cry from the field in which Mr. Crane first appeared to *The Red Badge of Courage*, his last book—so very far indeed that he seems to have lost himself as well as

* A Daughter of the Tenements. By Edward E. Townsend. Illustrated by E. W. Kemble. New York: Lovell, Coryell & Co. $1.75.
The Red Badge of Courage. By Stephen Crane. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his reader. Mr. Townsend still holds to the Bowery as the central scene of his new novel, *A Daughter of the Tenements*, but his manner is essentially different. It is a serious work, wanting the whimsical fun that made his first book delightful and the inimitable slang that made it unique. Nor is it distinctively local as his previous work was; the Battery is not its boundary, and the characters are not all products of Mulberry Bend. Its scope is as wide as the continent, stretching from New York to San Francisco, touching high as well as low life, and reaching from one generation to another. There is a rush in the movement of the story that sweeps one along almost compensating for the lack of the finer literary quality, which might have made the current smoother without lessening its force.

Having a good strong story to tell, Mr. Townsend has told it through some three hundred pages much as he would have set it down with his pencil in columns. And, although such writing can scarcely be called literature, it has a value and gives, in this case certainly, an impression of reality that better work sometimes fails to convey. This effect is difficult to define, but it is somewhat like listening to the simple telling of an actual human experience. In the sympathetic atmosphere, thus unconsciously created, the characterisation is also well affected in some equally unaccountable manner, for there is little description and scarcely an attempt at analysis. The character of Teresa the dancer is perhaps most completely realised. The opening scene, in which she first appears, is also distinct; the flurry of departure behind the scene after the play is over; the fall of Teresa on the stairs, and her cry—not for her own suffering, but for her baby. That is the keynote of the story: the mother-love that would gather the earth and heaven under the feet of the child, that suffers and sacrifices and slaves and sins if need be. The type is rare, but it exists—a terrible, beautiful, fierce, divine thing. Teresa impersonates it; enduring her husband's cruelty, though indifferent to him, for the sake of the child; caring little for his final desertion, since he leaves her the child. This is the character which dominates the story, contrary assumably to the author's intention. His heroine, Teresa's daughter, never becomes, even after reaching womanhood, more than the vaguest lay-figure, useful to hang socialistic theories upon. Fortunately there are a number of these to be thus disposed of. In the first chapter, when the dancer cries out in terror lest she be robbed of her baby, the Society which takes the children of the poor from them by force is boldly attacked. The child is protected against the Society by political influence, and in showing how so mighty a force is invoked to care for such an atom of obscure humanity the author makes interesting revelation of a certain element in tenement life which the upper world generally little suspects. This is the close, controlling connection between politics and the private lives, the homes of the masses. The force is felt in other parts of the story, and may be said indeed to pervade it as the ruling power over the destinies of most of the characters. This ward "Boss," whom these benighted beings of the slums perhaps never see, thus becomes their Providence. It is he who gives his Irish tool strength to take the baby from the police and to keep it till its mother is well. It is he who gives his Italian tool such business prosperity that the latter thinks of settling in life and taking Teresa—regardless of the runaway husband—for a common-law wife. It is he who through his Irish tool subsequently settles the vexed question of this common-law marriage—from the Bowery point of view. No question, however, is vexed or of any importance to the dancer except in so far as it touches the welfare of the child, and the conditions upon which she consents to marry the Italian all look solely to that. These terms as she enumerates them throw an appalling light on the lives of the tenements. They must never, she stipulates, live in less than two rooms, one of which must be her daughter's; they must never take lodgers, notwithstanding they have two rooms. The child must never be bound to a sweater; she must go to school until she is fourteen; a dollar a week must be put in the bank to send her to Italy to learn dancing. The Italian cries out in amazement, asking if the child be a princess and he a millionaire that such unheard-of demands are made. But a man in love with a pretty woman always consents to the unreasonable, and the young mother

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ume of this series. We see her here drawn to the life—cold-hearted, frivolous, utterly unaware of the duties of the great position into which she had been unfortunately thrown, and unable to play the part with dignity and decorum. We see her flitting about like a school-girl, tolerating the most unseemly follies, yielding to every whim, meddling with matters of State, offending the gravest prejudices of the French people, and yielding herself at all times to the baleful influence of the Princess Metternich, who, like a malicious monkey, took pleasure in making the woman she secretly despised play the fool and mar the fortunes of an Empire. Miss Bicknell's book, whose record is continued to the death of both the Emperor and the Prince Imperial, is sumptuously illustrated with many reproductions from photographs, including portraits of all the principal persons of whose daily life she writes. The two books together form a very fascinating contribution to the history of a remarkable and melancholy chapter in the annals of the French nation.

MEADOW-GRASS.*

We open a volume of New England stories to-day far more critically disposed than we should have been ten years ago. New England country life has been of late very thoroughly exploited in literature; moreover, the most distinctive of American authors has made the field in a peculiar sense her own. Miss Wilkins's success is a result not only of her general creative power and the instinct for beauty that belongs universally to the artist. It rests on the intimate relation between her personality and her subject, so that she interprets sympathetically the life with which she deals and instinctively gives it that exquisitely appropriate expression which belongs to the finality of genius. Miss Wilkins's reticence of manner, the pure and even naked simplicity of her style, are the genius of New England life. Who else can present it so vividly? We have almost conferred upon her the right of a monopoly to her subject.

In Miss Brown's book we have to go no farther than the somewhat studied introduction, "Number Five," with its opulent vocabulary and emotionalism, to miss the excellent plainness of speech which Miss Wilkins has wedded to the New England story. We find much that is pretty and admirable in the sketch, but, prejudiced by past standards, we are sensitive to the least trace of affectation. Again, passing over "Father Eli," a quiet and modest sketch, we suspect in the heroine of "After All" a note of exaggeration. Lucindy seems artificial after Jane Field and the Sallies of Humble Romances. And in the same way Miss Wadleigh, by being a little too preposterously assured, spoils the otherwise admirable tale of which she is the central figure. Overdoing the excellent thing—this is evidently Miss Brown's literary danger.

Yet with a severer taste, the author of *Meadow-Grass* would probably have inherited more of the Puritanic instinct, and we grow to think it a matter for congratulation that she is not Puritanic to the grain. Even when she seems to choose for her theme that old-time dramatic motive, the New England conscience, and gives us Miss Dorcas identifying herself with the woman taken in adultery because of her innocently ideal affection, or Elvin wrestling awfully with the Spirit at Sudleigh Fair, we fancy that the author's avowed motive is not her real inspiration. Miss Dorcas stealing out to the garden where the night is "blossoming, glowing now, abundant," that she may breathe the air of her own strangely full joy, is a more vivid picture than Miss Dorcas on the knees of self-mortification; and the Bohemian Dilly, with her love for the summer holiday and the "live creeturs," is the real excuse for Sudleigh Fair.

Miss Brown has indeed embodied most perfectly in Dilly her own lyric joy in country life, the note that perhaps most distinguishes her from other writers in the feminine school of New England story-tellers. Such a note in Miss Wilkins is quite subordinated to her rigidly dramatic intentions; in Miss Jewett it sometimes rises to be an end in itself; but in Miss Brown it is a constant characteristic and is of a piece with her general capacity for enjoyment. In *Meadow-Grass* there are several stories based on the pathetic meagreness, the pathetic patience of the New England character

* Meadow-Grass: Tales of New England Life. By Alice Brown. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—"Father Eli's Vacation" and "Gold in the Poor House" among them—but these, subtly true in motive though they be, have a familiar literary aspect. Miss Brown's own story is "Heartsease," a record of an old lady who, relegated to the kindly but irksome supervision due to her years, reasserts her growth in one night of freedom.

"She washed and rinsed the garments, and, opening a clothes-horse, spread them out to dry. Then she drew a long breath, put out her candle, and wandered to the door. The garden lay before her, unreal in the beauty of the moonlight. Every bush seemed an enchanted wood. The old lady went forth, lingering at first, as one too rich for choosing; then with a firmer step. She closed the little gate and walked out into the country road. She hurried along to the old sign-board and turned aside unerringly into a hollow there, where she stooped and filled her hands with tansy, pulling it up in great bunches and pressing it eagerly to her face."

"Heartsease" is one of the most nearly perfect of all the stories in the book. It has Miss Brown's distinctively lyric quality, but it is also simply true and quiet in manner. It shows the author, whose work is frequently unequal, at her best.

"Joint Owners in Spain" is another story that might divide our allegiance. "Nancy Boyd's Last Sermon," with its original and astute reading of human passion, we rule out, because it is not equal to many of the stories in workmanship. But the former is executed with finished assurance; the narrative is unswerving to its end, and it presents us to two of the most delightfully humorous persons in New England fiction. Miss Blair, who "being 'high sperited,' like all the Coxes, from whom she sprung, had now so tyrannised over the last of her series of room-mates, so browbeaten and intimidated her, that the latter had actually taken to her bed with a slow fever of discouragement;" and Miss Dyer, "a thin, colourless woman and infinitely passive save at those times when her nervous system conflicted with the general scheme of the universe." These two in conjunction—and we have a story! Indeed, if there is any quality in *Meadow-Grass* more grateful than the author's keen enjoyment of the life of beauty, it is her humour, racy and unflagging. It overflows in the speech of her characters, so that they are at times almost too good for real life, and it fashions her keen observation and her descriptions. "There's a good deal o' pastur' in some places," says Eli, "that ain't fit for nothin' but to hold the world together." Miss Wilkins's inarticulate souls are hardly more delicious than these.

Whither has comparative criticism led us? To the usual position of exclaiming, like Captain Brown when Miss Jenkyns measured *Pickwick* by *Rasselas*: "It is quite a different thing, my dear madame." Qualities in common with the best of New England story-tellers belong to Miss Brown. The feminine delicacy of perception and purity of motive are hers. But in the end it is for her individual quality that we welcome her. Zest and poetic exuberance are certainly not new to story-telling; but their particular application to New England life is not frequent. We are glad to be reminded that there are stray Bohemians in New England; that even among the lonely old women there are feminine Thoreaus. If Miss Brown were the typical New Englander, her work might be more inevitable, but it would lose its peculiar charm. We should go on forgetting that the life which has been chiefly known in literature for the tragedy and humour of its limitations has also its genial side.

Edith Baker Brown.

MISS GRACE OF ALL SOULS.*

Miss Grace of All Souls comes to American readers with the interest attaching to an unknown writer. The author is well known in England as a member of the notable Liverpool group, which includes Hall Caine, William Watson, and Richard Le Gallienne, but it is through his latest novel that we make his acquaintance.

This work comes to us informed with the newest development of economic, political, and socialistic questions. It gives unusually eloquent expression of that spirit of revolt which, like some fiery acid, is eating its way into every part of the social fabric. Portentous as the feeling which convulsed France on the eve of the Revolution, this growing discontent, this open resistance to established order, is rapidly spreading

* Miss Grace of All Souls. By William Edwards Tirebuck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

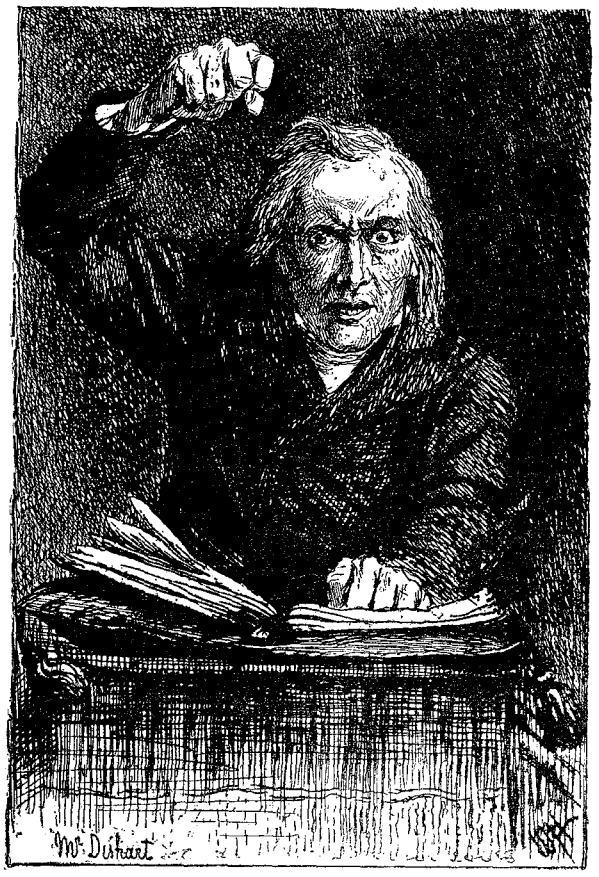
throughout all civilisations both old and new, if the signs of the times, both in literature and out of it, have any meaning. The special point of attack, in the case of this book, is one of the strongholds of hardship, of wrong and of suffering—the life of the great coal field honeycombing the north of England. Here lies the dark background of the terrible picture; among these vast collieries, wherein thousands of human beings spend their lives in subterranean darkness, toiling blindly like ants in a hill, while a fortunate few—to whom these toilers are scarcely more individual than ants—bask in the sunlight above.

Thus the author has chosen as the theme of his powerful work the one condition of life that does more than any other, perhaps, to brutalise humanity. The characters which he has selected as the media for realising his ideas in this field are drawn from the different social grades to be found there. These characters are the vicar of the parish and his daughter, the heroine of the story, who gives the title to the book; the mine owner and his son, who is in love with the vicar's daughter; a collier family, which is composed of an aged grandfather, of the collier himself, his wife, his son, and his daughter—the son being another lover of the titular heroine—together with a number of accessory characters from the mining class.

The vicar is of the type of clergyman who fills his sacred office as if it were some secular profession, and desires no change in the established order of things. His daughter has a heart and a conscience, and they are heavily weighted by the suffering about her, which she labours to relieve. The owner of the mine, a rich ex-member of Parliament, tolerates Grace's arguments and struggles as the harmless sentimentality of a pretty girl, whom he would be pleased to have his son marry; but he steadily opposes all innovation, wishing prevailing conditions to continue unaltered—except to make them more grinding. His son and successor in Parliament is in perfect accord with him upon this point, apart from being influenced by the vicar's daughter. And finally the family of colliers, who are most conspicuous figures and who exhibit in their three generations the type of unmurmuring acceptance in the first, of blind resistance in the second, and of intelligent revolt in the third. Amid these tumultuous and warring elements moves the girl who is the central spirit on her divine mission of reconciliation, of betterment, and of love. Grappling bravely with the appalling problems of poverty and pain in the humble lives that touch her own life on every side, Grace strives to arouse her father to a sense of his responsibility and, most of all, to his opportunity for amelioration. Failing in this, and cast wholly upon her own resources, she does what she can alone, and in the course of her ministrations is brought into contact with the old collier's grandson. She sees that he has the power of leadership among his own class, and herself learns to lean upon his strength and to defer to his better judgment and knowledge of the wrongs, and the needs, and the difficulties that surround them. Out of this soil of intelligent sympathy springs up the love between them, around which the romantic interest of the story revolves, complicated by the presence of the other lover, the son of the master.

The deep human concern of the tale extends, however, to the other characters; and, upon the whole, the novel may be said to belong to that rare class in which a fine balance is maintained between the discussion of a great economic problem and interest in the characters as simply human beings. If the balance inclines in either direction, it is towards the author's remarkable power of characterisation. The brightest example of this is, perhaps, the collier's wife—an eager, industrious, brave, witty, fluttering little bird of a woman—whose beautiful spirit brings sweetness and light into the gloom; whose staunch conservatism withstands the strain of her loving loyalty to her radical husband and to her democratic son; whose tenderness to the orphans, poorer even than herself, luminously illustrates—what the rich are never enough rebuked by and must forever stand apart from—the helpful generosity of the poor to each other. Another subtle instance of this distinctive portrayal of personality lies in the fine contrast between the gentle, alert little mother and her large, strenuous daughter; the two representing the old and the new of their class and sex. This girl, working in the pit's mouth, makes a fit mate for her miner lover, who stands undaunted in the foul

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



darkness of the flooded mine, while the water creeps from his chin to his lips. Even their love-making partakes of the sternness of their hard lives; and the description of it constitutes some of the freshest and finest work of the book. At this point should be noted still another distinguishing characteristic of the story—its freedom from the slightest taint of impurity. Nowhere is there the trail of the serpent that marks most of this recent revolutionary literature; and the fact is all the more conspicuous for the reason that the theme, stirring the very dregs of humanity, would seem to necessitate a reference at least to certain attendant phases of moral degradation, if not the representation of them.

The artistic reserve, the judicial moderation with which the author handles his dangerous and difficult subject gives strength and dignity to his work. In this respect it is a lesson to be heeded in view of the trivial and overcharged treatment of grave affairs which is one of the vices of contemporary fiction. And yet, fascinating as the book is, the end leaves a vague feeling of disappointment. This does not arise from the author's leaving the intolerable economic situation as he finds it. That is necessarily the case, since the prevailing conditions continue unchanged. It comes, perhaps, from the unconscious perception that, after all, the flower of such a work of art is in its ending as a tale of human love; and in this case the union of the lovers in a union of natures is so inherently apart that the conclusion does not blossom out into one of those priceless flowers of the mind which we care to pluck for their lasting sweetness.

Nancy Huston Banks.

THE ÉDITION DE LUXE OF "AULD LICHT IDYLLS."*

To this beautiful book, uniform with the *édition de luxe* of *A Window in Thrums*, Mr. Hole has contributed a delightful series of etchings. The technique of all of them is excellent; their interpretation of Mr. Barrie is shrewd and individual. If any qualifying criticism were permissible on such excellent work, it would be on the ground that he has perhaps emphasised a trifle overmuch the grotesque element in a few of the characters of Thrums. Mr. Hole can produce the effects of light in his etchings in a marvellous way, and "Saturday Night in the Square," with its flare of oil lamps on the vans and the faces of the people, is a masterpiece. We are glad to be able to give two reproductions of the portraits of the Rev. Gavin Dishart (not the "Little Minister") and of Lizzie Harrison, the postmistress, who, it was jaloused, "steamed" the letters and confided their titbits to the favoured friends of her own sex.

ESSAYS IN CRITICISM.†

There is something stimulating in the retrospect which a certain coign of vantage gives a writer at certain periods, when he can look back, as at the present

* Auld Licht Idylls. By J. M. Barrie. With eighteen etchings by W. Hole, R.S.A. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $15.00 net.

† The Greater Victorian Poets. By Hugh Walker, M.A. New York: Macmillan & Co. $2.50.

Literary Types. Being Essays in Criticism. By E. Beresford Chancellor, M.A. (Oxon.) New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time, over a century or a long reign, and review the literary, social, political, scientific, or artistic movements that have distinguished them. It gives him an opportunity for comparative study, for fine historical perspectives, for marking epochs and types and singling out the greater from the lesser lights. In the two books before us the latter method has prevailed. Professor Walker has already attained to considerable repute as the author of *Three Centuries of Scottish Literature*, so that he comes to us not without commendation. He approaches his subject with fine feeling and sound literary judgment. He faces the difficulty which others have felt in defining precisely the period of literature which he elects for treatment, and substantially follows their lead in closing the former period with the death of Byron and taking up the present with the young Tennyson, who felt that when Byron passed away "the whole world was at an end," and stole away to carve in secret the words "Byron is dead." Tennyson, Browning, and Matthew Arnold he takes to be the greatest and best representatives of Victorian poetry. He breaks ground with an introductory chapter, and then proceeds to estimate the work of these poets in chronological sequence, holding that the best possible comparison and the most instructive process of study is between a man in his youth and the same man in his maturity or in old age. As a dictum, Professor Walker applies Matthew Arnold's test to these poets: true poetry, in his conception of it, being a criticism of life. The influences that the politics, science, philosophy, and religion of their day have had upon these poets is fully considered, and taking Milton for a type of one who illustrates almost to perfection the ideal relation of a great man to his own time, he proceeds to study the three great Victorian poets in their relation to the spirit of their time and to the whole of life. The project is a noble one, and is nobly conceived and carried out. By this method results are gained which are perhaps unattainable otherwise. The study of a great life in the light of all life, if lucidly and ably handled, as it is here, must, so far as we have understanding to grasp it, reveal its secret to us.

Literary Types is set to a lower key than Professor Walker's book. It has been given to the author of this little book of biographical essays to see in certain of the great authors under scrutiny a typical and individual focus, as it were, of a particular phase in literary history. Landor, for instance, is termed a "dramatist," not because he wrote one or two plays, but because all the literary work he did was essentially dramatic in intention and execution. And so De Quincey is a type of the "man of letters;" and "essayist," "philosopher," "novelist," and "poet" are applied after the same manner to Lamb, Carlyle, Dickens, and Coleridge. Whether we may agree with his method of rigid classification or not—and there is much to be said for as well as against it—he has certainly revived for us the human interest of the life of these authors, and has written of them and their works in a way to stimulate fresh study and to evoke greater admiration. He is no "hasty observer or cold chronologist," he has a special fondness

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for his subjects; yet for one who is so warm in his literary affections, he is not unduly partial, and his criticism at times is decidedly helpful as well as wholesome. We are amused at the epithets which he applies to some of his "types." De Quincey "may not inaptly be termed the will-o'-the-wisp of literature;" again he is styled as "the Mendelssohn of letters;" Charles Lamb is "in a way the Schumann of literature;" Carlyle is "the Géricault of literature;" Macaulay, its "David;" and under certain modifications of character like unto the great seer of Judah, Carlyle, he says in another place, "might have been regarded as the Jeremiah of the nineteenth century." His "note" on the pathos of Dickens, we fear, will do no more than raise a smile on the face of those who read it. To defend Dickens at this day against the charge of sentimentality and maudlin tears in some of his scenes is a briefless case. But what he has to say under the same head on the emotional in literature and the lack of this finer quality in the books of the hour is sound criticism, and we appreciate its vigorous statement; but that is a very different thing. *Literary Types* is worthy of a place in the library, not only because of its dominant idea and the new life to be gained from its novel point of view, but because these essays make admirable introductory studies to the works of the writers therein portrayed.

J. M.

THE DELECTABLE DUCHY.*

The Delectable Duchy appeared at the close of 1893, but it has never received the attention which it merits. Few books are published nowadays which give so much pure and lasting pleasure, and we are in hope that this cheap reprint will stimulate an interest well deserved. It is like a St. Martin's summer, with soft sunshine and lingering hours of brightness. As we read it, the sweetness of spring breathes across the heart of winter, and we see the flowers already opening. No writer of our time has brought the short story to such perfection as "Q," and in this book we see him at his best. This is not a volume to be taken from the circulating library and duly read and returned. It is for the shelf by the fireside and the corner next our hand. No reader will lay it down without a feeling of affection for the author. We think of him as of the shepherds who guided the pilgrims over the Delectable Mountains, themselves a part of the beauty which they showed. The Duchy is Cornwall; Troy and Tregarrick may be reached by rail from Paddington, but over all the scenes there hangs a veil which our curiosity does not penetrate. The Cornwall of "Q" is as quaint as the Cornwall of King Arthur, as mysterious and as full of poetry. The spirit of the whole book may be summed up in the lines which introduce "The Spinster's Maying":

> "The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
> Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit;
> In every street these tunes our ears do greet—
> Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-wee, to-witta-woo;
> Spring, the sweet spring."

Every lover of Chaucer knows the thrill of new life that comes on reading the first lines of his prologue. The impression of gladness does not wear away, but comes back freshly each time the words return to memory. It is exactly the same with *The Delectable Duchy*. There are pages and sentences which will haunt us on many a winter day, glancing out of the dark air like welcome lamps.

Much might be said of the skill in character-drawing shown in every one of these delightful studies. In the Delectable Duchy all doors open gladly to "Q," and he has looked more deeply than any writer except Mr. Hardy into the heart of the English peasant. Like the monk Ambrosius in the "Holy Grail," he loves to quit his studies for the little thorpe and the chatter of the villagers,

> "Knowing every honest face of theirs,
> As well as ever shepherd knew his sheep,
> And every homely secret of their hearts."

* The Delectable Duchy. Stories, Studies, and Sketches By "Q" (A. T. Quiller-Couch). New York: Macmillan & Co. Paper, 50 cts.

THE MEN OF THE MOSS-HAGS.*

It seems only the other day that we were reading and revelling in *The Raiders*, and here is already a rival to it from

* The Men of the Moss-Hags. Being a History of Adventure taken from the Papers of William Gordon of Earlstoun in Galloway and told over again by S. R. Crockett. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the pen of its own maker, while all the year between has been dotted with Mr. Crockett's stories, the least of them alive and spirited. This is vitality indeed, which should defeat the degeneracy (if anything could) that the sad prophets say must wait on over-production. It is to those who delighted in *The Raiders* that *The Men of the Moss-Hags* appeals, to those who see the better Mr. Crockett in stories of wild riding and hiding in Galloway and by the shores of the Solway than in the tamer merits of *The Lilac Sunbonnet*. Just at this moment it is not very useful to declare one's preference between the two rival tales. They appeal to the same instincts; they have about an equal amount of adventurous incident, and breathe equally of the open air—a fine feature in a book, and all the horrors of the "killing" cannot cancel its benefit here. It is emphatically a good story, though without any very definite plan or plot, though it postpones some of its romantic consummations till a second part, which shall give us the lives of the hero and his kinsfolk and friends in Holland, and, presumably, the mating of the hero with Maisie and of young Lochinvar with Kate of Balmaghie. It is merely a first volume, and we leave off with an appetite, for we like our company. But we beg Mr. Crockett in his next instalment to hurry a little over the Dutch exile and hasten back to Galloway, where he is ever happiest and surest, where he shows most of his own natural strength. The influence of Stevenson is strong in *The Men of the Moss-Hags*; but whatever echoes from other romancers we find in his characters, there is one thing that is all his own, his "glegness of eye," his sense of the beauty of the earth, and his power to tell it—if it be Galloway earth. Here is a picture of a faring-forth in the early summer:

"Now as we went up the hill a sound followed us that made us turn and listen. It was a sweet and charming noise of singing. There, at the door of Earlstoun, were my mother and her maidens, gathered to bid us farewell upon our sad journey. It made a solemn melody on the caller morning air, for it was the sound of the burying psalm, and they sung it sweetly. So up the Deuch Water we rode, the little birds making a choir about us, and young tailless thrushes of the year's nesting pulling at reluctant worms on the short dewy knowes."

Mr. Crockett has known better than to make the young hero, William Gordon, a very orthodox Whig. At this time of day orthodox Whigs are not in favour, and we all prefer a hero for whom we can have a warmer feeling than approval. Lame as he is, he is nevertheless more of a soldier than a preacher, and his testimony he gives more willingly by his sword than by word of mouth. A still more original departure is seen in the career of the Wullcat, the young lord of Lochinvar, whose gallantries get his more douce cousin into difficulties at the beginning of the story. Most romancers would have bored us with the love affairs of the hot-headed, irresponsible, and inflammable young man all through, merely from convention, but when once Watt takes to the heather he contents himself with a single lady-love; and he is generally to be counted on to take part in the wildest and least gallant of adventures, without hindrance from his caprices and affections. The silent, devoted, and daring Maisie, take her all in all, is a living personage, but not easily describable. One should not be surprised at any of her exploits after watching her conduct when the dragoons are riding on the conventicle.

"Maisie Lennox, who was nearest to me, looked over to where her father stood at the corner of his company. Then because she was distressed for him, and knew not what she did, she drew a half-knitted stocking out of the pocket that swung beneath her kirtle, calmly set the stitches in order, and went on knitting, as is the Galloway custom among the hill-folk when they wait for anything."

A remarkable woman. But the story of her rifling the mail-bags we cannot believe. It was a feat of the Wullcat and some clerkly allies, if it was done at all. That is the one strong protest we have to make, though, while we are in a dissentient mood, we might mention that there are too many thunder-storms. We have no other grievances; nothing else but praise, indeed, for a fresh and imaginative story.

It is a point to be noted about Mr. Crockett, that where he has to describe he is never dull. It would be easy to select twenty excellent descriptive passages from the book before us to prove this; but none in force and tenderness could rival one part of the terrible tale of Johnstone's brutality to the children.

"Then I saw something that I had never seen but among the sheep; and it was a most pitiful

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and heart-wringing thing to see, though now in the telling it seems no great matter. There is a time of year when it is fitting that the lambs should be separated from the ewes; and it ever touches one nearly to see the flock of poor lammies when first the dogs come near to them to begin the work, and wear them in the direction in which they are to depart. All their little lives the lambs had run to their mothers at the first hint of danger. Now they have no mother to flee to, and you can see them huddle and pack in a frightened solid bunch, quivering with apprehension, all with their sweet little winsome faces turned one way. Then, as the dogs run nearer to start them, there comes from them a little low, broken-hearted bleating, as if terror were driving the cry out of them against their wills. Thus it is with the lambs on the hill; and so also it was with the bairns that clung together in a cluster on the brae face."

NOVEL NOTES.

A MAD MADONNA, AND OTHER STORIES. By L. Clarkson Whitelock. Boston: Joseph Knight Co. $1.00.

Those who are acquainted with Clarkson Whitelock's earlier work will find a pleasant surprise awaiting them in her new volume of stories. There was no hint in that work that she would startle us by-and-bye with a new note, or develop latent power of imagination in striking a fresh vein. That kindest of critics, Mr. Edmund C. Stedman, is said to have stood as sponsor for these stories, reference to which was made in the columns of our "Chronicle and Comment" last month, and the critic has no reason to fear that his kindly judgment will be reversed. "A Mad Madonna" is a fine figment of the imagination, clothed in a beautiful style which is more suggestive than expansive, tinctured with the sad, melancholy grace that haunts the sojourner in the streets of Rome, and coloured with the soft lights and shadows and radiant beauty of fair Italia. The dumb patience and longing of the "mad madonna" is full of a great pathos that rends the heart, and is eloquent with a voice that melts to tears and moves us to an infinite pity—a pity that does not depress and cast down, but which purges and clarifies the mind. The mysterious madonna and her *bambino*, wandering these hundreds of years in search of the Great Master Raffaello, to whom she sat for his wonderful paintings, and the culmination of her desire, is a striking invention, and wrought with cunning art. The climax reached in the young artist's studio, where the "mad madonna" sits once more as she imagines to her Master, Raffaello, is conceived and executed with a rapidity and force which carries us breathlessly to the *dénouement*. The shadowy outline of the wonderful Mother and Child of Raphael grows every moment more distinct:

"He took the brushes dreamily in his hand; but it was moved by a magic force, and there grew before him the marvellous colours of the Madonna, by no power of his own. The cloud of cherubs came once more about him. The room was full of them. The canvas was covered with them. The mother and child stood motionless, all the exquisite living beauty of their faces seeming to pass from them to the picture. . . . It seemed to him that his hand was moved as by the angels of God.

"The earth rocked beneath him, and the blue sky, as he saw it through the window, had turned blood-red.

"He painted on and on, with no other consciousness than that the earth rocked and that the sky had turned to blood. Once a faint sigh came from the child's lips, and the mother caressed it softly. When she moved, it was as if an earthquake shock went through him. The room with its occupants, the canvas with its miracle, faded from his consciousness; a red stream of blood gushed from his lips, and his head fell backwards.

"He heard as from another world, 'Addio, Raffaello,' and was dead."

None of the other stories reach the same height of artistic perfection or are impelled by the same imaginative force to that lasting form which now and again singles out a short story for distinction. Through the half-dozen tales there runs a weird strain of madness more or less mysterious and inexplicable. "Ignoto" comes next in interest and literary execution to "A Mad Madonna," and after that "A Bit of Delft," which is charming in its quaint Dutch setting. "Love's House" is a new and not altogether satisfactory rendering of a time-worn theme, and "Apollo" is ingenious but a little far-fetched. As for the last story, "From Another Country," it scarcely merits the honour which has been given to it by including it with the other stories in book form. It is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

amusing, and is written with vivacity, but it is out of harmony with the preceding contents of the volume, and strikes a discordant note. If it were only for the sake of the first and longest story, the book is well worth purchase; all the stories, however, are attractive and have a peculiar interest. The book is well printed and bound, and has several half-tone illustrations.

JOAN HASTE. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. $1.25.

Perhaps Mr. Haggard or another will dramatise *Joan Haste*. The main incidents would have a fine scenic effect on the boards; the fall of Graves from the tower, Joan's heroic method of reviving him, the oath of the villain Rock, the confession of Levinger, and the tragic final sacrifice of the heroine, personating her old lover to save him from the maniacal fury of her husband—none of these could fail to be effective. We confess we like our melodrama best in dramatic form. The facts are there before us, and just because no fine-drawn explanations are given, we accept them. But Mr. Haggard is enough of a modern novelist to write as if he had got inside people's hearts and behind their motives, and with a melodramatic plot this is always unfortunate, especially so when you insist on your characters being, save for their histories, every-day kind of folks that you might meet in any railway train. Mr. Haggard, who is skilled in reading the clear-marked lines of savage natures, fails when he tries subtle investigation of his contemporaries and compatriots. Perhaps he is a little too simple-minded. Perhaps he has sought his material not in life but in romances, those of an earlier, more rhetorical generation. At least, while we regard the plot as a most effective melodrama, we don't much like the filling-up. And, indeed, he has piled the agony of the story rather needlessly, even for scenic effect. If Levinger had spoken a little sooner; if Rock had gone mad a little sooner; if— The fact is, the glamour of Mr. Haggard's romance makes us forget that we are looking at real life; but he insists on playing, with somewhat inappropriate material, the stern realist; and all the explanations which would have established Joan's legitimacy, her heirship, and brought about her marriage with Graves, come too late. That being so, we have to acquiesce in her death as the next best thing. There is a kind of British robustness about Mr. Haggard which we think would be more fitly employed in writing cheerful fiction. If he cannot give up this mournful attitude, let him think of the excellent opening at the present moment on the sentimental stage.

THE SALE OF A SOUL. By F. Frankfort Moore. New York: F. A. Stokes Company. 75 cts.

THE SECRET OF THE COURT. By F. Frankfort Moore. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.

The leading lady of the first story, after five years of marriage, finds her soul too great for her surroundings, her individuality pooh-poohed, and her aspirations neglected by a husband immersed in the business of the State. So she makes up her mind to sell this great soul, and thinking Mr. Stuart Forrest would be a liberal purchaser, joins him in a voyage to the West Indies. The neglectful husband mysteriously turns up, behaves affably to Mr. Forrest, and gives his wife uncomfortable doubts about her projected bargain. The husband is diabolically clever, and sees through stone walls; he is a magnanimous cynic on a great scale. In the end the wife changes her mind about the best purchaser for her valuable commodity—which has gone down in price in the estimate book of her mind however—and she and her husband have an adventurous time together floating on a raft and on a derelict ship, till a steamer saves them for the domestic felicity which is now to begin in earnest for them.

The Secret of the Court belongs to the class of story that never seems to go out of fashion, but of which Bulwer was the completest master. It deals with the mysteries of life and death, their unveilers, and the victims of their experiments. The secret of the restoration of life was found in this case, after prolonged study, in an Egyptian temple of incredible age. The description of the temple, by-the-bye, is striking, and the weird effect it produces is brought about by no cheap devices. Unfortunately, we think, the experiment is tried on a young Englishwoman who has died, leaving her relatives bitterly sorrowing; it would have kept the story

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in far better tone had the East and some fair, mysterious Oriental been the scene and the victim. For victim she must be called. Therein lies the point of the story. The secret referred merely to the physical life, and had no power in the restoration of the soul. The rash Englishman had not listened to the wise warning of the mysterious Albaran; but he learnt through remorse "that when Death knocks at the door he should be admitted as an honoured guest. There are worse friends than Death."

THE COMING OF THEODORA. By Eliza Orne White. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

The old-time woman was a riddle, the new woman is still a chrysalis, but when we get a pattern of progress upon a groundwork of conservatism, what are we going to do about it? This question is that to which the household of Theodora were reduced after fourteen months of her constant presence with them. A woman of genuine New England faculty, and the certainty which is not unfrequently found in the same section, that there is but one right way to do a thing, and that she knows it; a woman who has made a name and position for herself in the world, and who gives up both, to play the thankless part of a useful maiden aunt in her brother's home, out of her indefeasible love for him and her longing for family ties; a woman with very little tact, and with too much sense to be sensitive, or ever to suspect that she is in the way, yet with a certain brightness and charm of her own, which her chronicler has perfectly succeeded in photographing —such is Theodora. The wholesomeness of the story, in these days of erotic novels, is something for which to be grateful; the characterisation is well contrasted and vivid; one does so truly appreciate the blankness of Edward and Marie when their studio was "tidied" out of any possibility of ever working in it again! Yet it is also quite comprehensible that Frank Compton's heart should be vanquished by the coming of Theodora. But that the marriage should be broken off because his small daughter so vehemently opposed it—isn't it almost *too* much? To be sure, a New England conscience is capable of anything, but would the opposition of Essie have had that or the contrary effect upon Theodora? And we are left, with the closed book in our hand, doubting whether *she* would or not, whether *he* would or not, whether they would have been happy together or not (only we think they would!), and various other whethers, chief among which is, whether we like a story with such an unsatisfactory *finale.* But we console ourselves with the reflection that probably, despite Theodora's message, "that chapter" was not "ended," after all. Could she have remained away from Edgecomb all her life? And when they met again, would it not be all right? Of course it would!

THE WAY OF A MAID. By Katharine Tynan Hinkson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

Mrs. Hinkson, author of *A Cluster of Nuts*, and one or two volumes of poems, has now ventured upon a novel of Irish life, and with considerable success. To be sure, there are crudities and a certain awkwardness in the construction; but these will disappear in her future work, while the merits of the present book will reappear and to better advantage. Her touch is a light one, which will probably strengthen with use without losing its delicacy; and there is a simplicity and directness about her way of telling her story that remind one of Miss Austin. Nora is a very fascinating and delightful little heroine; and though one cares rather less for Hilliard, his attraction for her is perfectly comprehensible. We doubt, however, whether Nora proved altogether as charming in married life as she was as a sweetheart; the average man, we fear, would find her somewhat of a responsibility; and it is perhaps quite as well that the pen of her chronicler halted when it did. But the main value of the book and its chief charm is in its thumbnail sketches of Irish life; the visit to the convent, with the laughing nuns, the stately Mother Superior, and the poor family who were equipped, in honour of Christmas, with garments which the sisters themselves had fashioned, with results to the masculine habiliments which can better be imagined than described.

"Lanty was tellin' me, miss, how ould Joe Geraty an' the wife an' kid was dressed by the nuns for Christmas. He says Joe's pepperin' for the day after to-morrow till he pawns the duds. Och, God help them craturs o' nuns, it's too inno-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cent they are! Let alone they makes the clothes themselves, and the throusers is all bags. Lanty says the men in the town ud give Joe a quare life if he appeared in them."

The woman who took away her neighbour's character by publicly praying for her as "a great sinner and an ould reprobate," is the heroine of another sketch. The book is by no means a *tendenz roman*, for which we are told it is our duty to be grateful; nevertheless our gratitude will be increased, if in her next book Mrs. Hinkson lend the grace and delicacy of her style to a picture of Irish social conditions from which those of us unfamiliar with Irish affairs may draw our own conclusions and accumulate our own tendencies.

ZORAIDA. A Romance of the Harem and the Great Sahara. By William Le Queux. Illustrated. New York: F. A. Stokes Company. $1.50.

Every reader with an ounce of romance in him will bitterly resent the last chapter in this thrilling story. Zoraida is the most ravishingly beautiful and marvellous woman; her capacity of poetical expression is extraordinary, and her occult powers of the rarest. To love her is most interestingly dangerous; thus does she address the daring Cecil Holcombe—

"Yonder knife and potion will bind thy soul unto mine; thou wilt become one of the companions of the Left Hand, whose habitation is the shadowless Land of Torment, where the burning wind scorches, and water scalds like boiling pitch."

"Is there, then, no hope for those who love thee?" he asks.

"None," she replied, sighing. "Neither rest, mercy, nor the Garden of Delights can fall to the lot of him who loveth me."

And yet after all this, and a great many other warnings, Cecil and the darkly romantic Zoraida were actually married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and lived in a Kensington flat; Zoraida wore a tailor-made gown, and had crowded "at-homes." This is the greatest outrage on the romantic feelings that we ever remember to have had practised upon us in the reading of fiction. But, omitting the last chapter, and putting one's self into a fittingly youthful mood, and determined to call the pseudo-poetical language sublime, let us acknowledge the attractions of Mr. Le Queux's story. It is packed full of incident, fighting, loving, plotting, dark crime, treasure-finding, and around all is the mysterious air of the desert. There are right readers and wrong readers for *Zoraida*. Under appropriate conditions, it should be pronounced an entrancing story.

CLARENCE. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

Something may have died out of Mr. Bret Harte since he wrote *The Luck of Roaring Camp*—the power or the opportunity of gathering fresh and piquant incident from wild, rough life to wake up his tame readers from their sleepiness and shake off a prejudice or two in the process. But though some of the freshness has gone from his stories, they have never grown dull. And with years there has come a too little recognised compensation for any loss of youthful vigour. His understanding of human nature has grown in subtlety and in delicacy, till to-day we look confidently to his books for interesting studies in more sophisticated character. His plots are good in their conception, but in their development he is more easily surpassed than in the strong, minute handling of his personages, whom he analyses with a care that is never finicking. The characters here are mostly old friends. In the war between North and South, Clarence Brant, Alice Benham, and the lively Susy are tested to the utmost by the storm and stress of the times. The new heroine, Miss Faulkner, is of course, seeing who has fashioned her, no mild pattern of propriety; but really her asperity on her first appearances we are much more inclined to resent than were Clarence Brant and, evidently, Mr. Bret Harte. It is difficult to resign ourselves to a favourite hero marrying a shrew, however heroic she might be on occasion.

A COMEDY IN SPASMS. By "Iota" (Mrs. Mannington Caffyn). New York: F. A. Stokes Company. $1.00.

The title is a mystery even at the end of the story. The heroine, a young Australian, has bouts of deep discontent, which perhaps gave her physical pain, but, as a rule, she is level-headed and not at all excitable. Titles are trifling matters, however. On the whole, "Iota" has put better work into this book than into her others; it will probably raise her worth in the esteem of critical readers, though it may not reach the popularity of *A Yellow Aster*. The story itself is interesting. The young Aus-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tralian, beautiful, practical, energetic, admiring above all things physical force and comeliness, finds a way out of pecuniary difficulties weighing on her family by marriage with an intelligent, upright, spirited man. But he is physically weak, and a martyr to headaches. He is worth ten of her, and she dimly guesses it, but is too much of a young savage to grasp the idea openly. Meanwhile, the young Adonis and Hercules combined, who had hitherto been unavailable, turns up free. Writhing in her bonds, she would have burst them had it not been for the virtue of Hercules-Adonis. So the young beauty and the middle-aged headachy student have to shake down as best they may. There is a curious jumble, as there always is in Iota's books, of good common sense and prejudices, shrewd understanding of human nature, and limitation of vision. She is gaining conciseness in the form of her stories; but her caste instincts will always obscure humanity to her.

THE CARBONELS. By Charlotte M. Yonge. New York: Thomas Whittaker. $1.25.

THE LONG VACATION. By Charlotte M. Yonge. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.00.

For more years than some of us can remember Miss Charlotte Mary Yonge, who comes of a Hampshire family, and first became known to the world as the author of *The Heir of Redclyffe*, has poured forth volume after volume, from a pen whose sources seem to be perennial; volumes of history, biography, and, above all, of fiction; earnest, helpful, inspiring, pure and refreshing, and all imbued with a strong High Church feeling. She has educated, through the pages of the *Monthly Packet*, a circle of readers in what, after all, if just a little *bornées*, are noble and chivalric ideas of religion and ethics; she has kept up with the times herself, in the most wonderful manner, and all this she has done in the most absolutely unassuming and thoroughly feminine way that it is possible for us to imagine. She has advertised her stories, to be sure, but there is a dearth of anecdotes illustrative of her personality, and on remarkably few occasions does her photograph stare at us from the public prints.

Of the two books now before us, one —*The Carbonels*—has, from her, the value of a historical monograph upon the social conditions of the English rural districts, in the first quarter of the present century, upon the state of the Church, and the attitude of the landlords. It is quiet in tone, despite some stirring scenes, and though there is absolutely no plot, and the characters are rather types than persons, the story is both valuable and interesting.

The Long Vacation is a continuation of the adventures of that composite family who have grown up from the intermarriage of the personages of the author's earlier novels. Descendants of the people whom one remembers in *Beechcroft*, *The Pillars of the House*, *The Daisy Chain*, *The Castle Builders*, and several others, all connected by as intricate a bond of cousinhood as one could find in any county of Old Virginia, meet, converse, act in private theatricals, and further intermarry, in these pages, which to Miss Yonge's veteran readers have the affectionate value of news from old friends. One must confess, however, that the climax is not well done; it was well imagined, no doubt, to lay young Gerald in the grave beside his father, at "Fiddler's Ranch" by the same hand that had saved him from the Indians; but Miss Yonge's orderly English imagination being inadequate to the task of conceiving American Western life, she was forced to finish her tale through the always clumsy medium of letters from a spectator; and the result is what might be expected. Nevertheless, the book is a delightful one, and in any case Miss Yonge wrote it!

WHEN CHARLES THE FIRST WAS KING. By J. S. Fletcher. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.

Mr. Fletcher has written a delightful tale of adventure. Not only so, but there is a literary charm in its pages permeating its quaint, fascinating style, its intricate plot, and its characterisations which lays hold of the imagination and wins a grateful acknowledgment. The scene of the story is laid in Yorkshire, where the forces of King and Parliament, Cavalier and Roundhead come together in several hard-fought battles. It was in one of the fiercest conflicts on the field of Marston Moor that the hero, Will Dale, a great fellow six-feet-five, met Cromwell. The picture of the great soldier is followed up strongly. Indeed,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the characteristic element in Mr. Fletcher's work is virility. The historic incidents of the time have been caught up by the imagination of the writer and given forth with a pleasant semblance of reality. There is some fine writing in the book; perhaps the finest passages are those in which the author describes the charge of the king's horsemen against Cromwell's Ironsides at Marston Moor, the death of Dennis Watson, and the mad ride of his father, Prince Rupert. *When Charles the First was King* deserves honourable mention as a novel for its virility and sane qualities.

THROUGH RUSSIAN SNOWS and A KNIGHT OF THE WHITE CROSS. By G. A. Henty. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 each.

AT WAR WITH PONTIAC. By Kirk Munroe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

The most recent works of Kirk Munroe and the two latest by Mr. Henty use history as a background for their stories. Mr. Munroe has a pleasing style and a faculty for creating thrilling adventures. Boys like a hero who can brave the greatest dangers and escape injury with facility—it matters little how improbable may be the method. The time chosen for his new story is the critical period succeeding the subjugation of the Canadian French by the English, the formative period of the spirit of 1776. Parkman was the first to recognise the importance of the Pontiac War and the genius of its moving spirit. Mr. Munroe draws liberally upon fact in his narrative, which has considerable literary merit.

The Henty stories continue the pleasant tradition which their numerous predecessors have created. Like Mr. Munroe's books, they have a certain modicum of value as educators, and are written with the fire and force which appeal to a boy's imagination. *Through Russian Snows* is a slightly coloured account of Napoleon's fateful campaign and retreat from Moscow. In *A Knight of the White Cross* good use is made of the fierce conflict which was waged between Crusader and Moslem in olden time. The story follows the fortunes of a sturdy young Englishman in the War of the Crusades, who figures prominently at the first siege of Rhodes. The "thrill" is unmistakably there; "no penny dreadful" could harrow up more startling situations and rattling episodes. However, the ideal held up to the boyish mind in these stories is wholesome if somewhat exaggerated. The evil is invariably overcome not by bravado, untruth, and intrigue, but by bravery, unswerving honour, and fidelity. Virtue is apparelled in its whitest robes, and vice is cast out into the blackness of darkness.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

LAST POEMS OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

The value which will be attached to this exquisite little volume will arise more from the melancholy interest of its contents and the beauty of the book in which they are encased than in the quantity or quality of the work. There are ten poems here, the last which Mr. Lowell wrote, and which Mr. Norton believes he might have wished to preserve. Three of them were published before his death; of the rest, two appear here for the first time. The "Verses, intended to go with a posset dish to my dear little goddaughter, 1882," are proof that the author's light touch and nimble wit were with him to the end. In the noble lines, "On a Bust of General Grant," we have a burst of the old patriotic fire which glowed with the faith of his forefathers, and with the spirit of his Cromwell hero-worship:

"Strong, simple, silent, therefore such was he
Who helped us in our need; the eternal law
That who can saddle opportunity
Is God's elect, though many a mortal flaw
May minish him in eyes that closely see,
Was verified in him; what need we say
Of one who made success where others failed,
Who, with no light save that of common day,
Struck hard, and still struck on till Fortune quailed,
But that (so sift the Norns) a desperate van
Ne'er fell at last to one who was not wholly man."

"Nothing ideal, a plain people's man—" so he apostrophises Grant—"one of those still plain men that do the world's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rough work ;'' and how fine is the characterisation drawn in that one line :

" He slew our dragon, nor, so seemed it, knew
He had done more than any simplest man might do."

The finest poem in this scant collection, where choice is almost supererogatory, is, to our thinking, " The Nobler Lover," which has a reminiscent note of Browning's " Christina." We quote the poem entire :

" If he be a nobler lover, take him !
You in you, I seek, and not myself ;
Love with men's what women choose to make him,
Seraph strong to soar, or fawn-eyed elf :
All I am or can, your beauty gave it,
Lifting me a moment nigh to you,
And my bit of heaven, I fain would save it—
Mine I thought it was, I never knew.

" What you take of me is yours to serve you,
All I give, you gave to me before ;
Let him win you ! If I but deserve you,
I keep all you grant to him and more :
You shall make me dare what others dare not,
You shall keep my nature pure as snow,
And a light from you that others share not
Shall transfigure me where'er I go.

" Let me be your thrall ! However lowly
Be the bondsman's service I can do,
Loyalty shall make it high and holy ;
Naught can be unworthy, done for you.
Men shall say, ' A lover of this fashion
Such an icy mistress well beseems.'
Women say, ' Could we deserve such passion,
We might be the marvel that he dreams.' "

An unusual feature of this fine piece of book-making is the printing of the poems on one side of the paper only, leaving the other side blank. To be sure, the book is slight enough, and it would have otherwise reduced its dimensions to an absurd size had the ordinary form been adhered to. But the book as it stands will find favour in the eyes of all book-lovers, and as a memorial volume it is an artistic and exceedingly attractive production. There is a fine new portrait of the poet at the age of seventy, considered by his family to be an admirable likeness of him.

STAMBULOFF. By A. Hulme Beaman. Public Men of To-day Series. New York : Frederick Warne & Co. $1.25.

The world is being more and more conventionalised, and the purely picturesque is departing from its history. War is now an intellectual exercise, like a game of chess. Statesmanship is largely a matter of figures and finance. Great monarchs ride the bicycle and array themselves in pot hats and the costume of the bagman. Nevertheless, there still rise up heroic figures here and there as a sort of protest against the eternal *banalité* of the century's end ; and such a figure is the subject of this very able and instructive volume. Stepan Stambuloff, the son of an inn-keeper and apprenticed to a tailor, a man of rough, half-brutal ways, a peasant in many of his traits, nevertheless is a great and stiking figure in his public career, whether we see him defying the Turk in his early days and carving out a free State for his fellow-countrymen, or defying the Great White Czar in his later years, and holding fast his country's birthright in the face of the master of a million soldiers. Mr. Beaman gives us the full details of a life of which most of us have seen only disconnected glimpses ; and his narrative weaves together all the scattered threads into a consistent and intelligible whole. Stambuloff has been called " the Bismarck of Bulgaria," and the phrase is no idle one. With far greater odds against him than Bismarck faced, he wrought out results which, when their final outcome shall have been seen, may prove to be no less momentous in Eastern Europe than Bismarck's creation in the West. Six photographs given in the work are of especial interest—Stambuloff himself, a semi-Slavic face ; Prince Alexander, a brave soldier, but one who quailed before dangers that his great minister dared to defy ; Prince Ferdinand, the puppet Coburg whom Stambuloff raised from obscurity ; Princess Ferdinand, a mean, unfeeling face ; and Madame Stambuloff and Prince Alexander's wife, two very beautiful women. We cordially commend the volume to all who have marked the career which ended only a few weeks ago, when the greatest of the Bulgarians fell, gashed under the assassins' knives in the streets of Sofia. This series bids fair to prove the most valuable of its kind that any publisher has yet brought out.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL. By Stuart J. Reid. New York : Harper & Bros. $1 00.

This, the last volume in the Queen's Prime Ministers Series, is very largely a history of the foreign relations of England from 1850, preceded by an account of the great Reform movement. For

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American readers its most interesting chapter is that which treats (too briefly) of the time when Lord John held the post of Foreign Minister in the Palmerston administration from 1861–65. This portion of the work contains some valuable details regarding the course of the English authorities in letting the *Alabama* escape from the Mersey; and asserts that Russell was in reality a friend of the United States during the Civil War. If this be so, he evidently had a great power of concealing his sentiments; yet it is certainly a fact that he did, in the face of strong pressure, preserve a fairly strict neutrality in that period, as to which Mr. Reid quotes Grote as saying: "The perfect neutrality of England in the destructive civil war now raging in America appears to me almost a phenomenon in political history. . . . It is the single case in which the English Government and public, generally so meddlesome, have displayed most prudent and commendable forbearance in spite of great temptations to the contrary." The fact that all the ruling classes were heart and soul with the South makes it all the more remarkable; and it is certainly to be remembered to the honour of Lord John Russell that he was far-seeing enough to follow out so wise a policy. The book contains also much readable information about the relations of England to Italian affairs in 1861–63, and of the rather pitiful figure cut by its government at the time of the Schleswig-Holstein affair in 1864. A fine portrait of Earl Russell is given as a frontispiece.

SHAKESPEARE'S HEROINES ON THE STAGE. By Charles E. L. Wingate. Boston: T. Y. Crowell & Co. $2.00.

Mr. Wingate's book is a noteworthy attempt to record the successive appearances of women on the English and American stage who have impersonated Shakespeare's characters "from the beginning." The author has taken great pains to collect all the gossipy details and historical facts which have gathered about these remarkable actresses. After an entertaining fashion Mr. Wingate has followed the histrionic fortunes of Shakespeare's heroines on the stage and has reviewed the large part which women have played in interpreting Shakespeare's plays to the world. As the "one missing book in Shakespearian lore," it fills a place, and will prove interesting to many readers of light literature who are not particularly anxious to follow the development of the drama from the critic's seat of judgment. There are glimpses of the green-room, revelations of the personality of the actresses; and incidentally many anecdotes of actors are included with those which are recounted about the fair sex. The illustrations, many of them from old woodcuts and engravings, enhance the historical value as well as the picturesqueness of the work. The narrative has a sparkle and dash about it which make the reading especially light and vivacious.

THE VIOL OF LOVE, AND OTHER POEMS. By Charles Newton-Robinson. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co. $1.50.

In a prefatory note the poet prepares us for the moods of passion and inspiration which passed over his lyre and gave it spontaneous utterance. "The viol of love," he says, "is an instrument said to derive its beautiful name (viola d'amore) from the 'sympathetic' strings, usually seven in number, with which it is fitted below the finger-board. These are never touched by hand or bow, but vibrate of themselves, with a rain of concords and harmonies, in response to the notes which are sounded by the player." One of the best of these gems, "Love Unuttered," we printed from advance sheets in the July BOOKMAN. Another of these poems, entitled "Love Unchallenged," has been widely quoted by the press. The poet's mind as mirrored in these poems finds the keynote of its expression in such lines as these:

"All fairest things have joy in loneliness;
For they are timid that are pure in heart,
Of taint or malison of spirits vile."

Mr. Newton-Robinson hugs his muse in the "pure cloud that spurns the befouléd earth," and sings shyly of the glory and the dazzling purity of that vision of love which has been vouchsafed to him—

"And cherishing still the memory of that light,
Looks heavenward for more."

In "Various Poems," which, with several translations, eke out the slender volume, there is one poem which is wonderful for its concentrated passion, depth of tragic feeling, and perfect art. "Forget-Me-Not" is a mad lover's song:

"I planted in the wilderness
The wingéd seed of Love;
I prayed the sun, the rain, the air
Might bless it from above!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And when the seed had lain a month
Below the sheltering sod,
One tiny blade clove out its way
To glint in the light of God.

"And in another month it grew
To bear a flower of heaven's blue,
Men call 'Forget-me-not!'
Then came an evil-liver by;
On her he cast his treacherous eye
With passion's lightning shot!

"He lured, he stole, he marred my pet;
Mine own in dear remembrance yet,
Although she sleeps in shame!
For him—his days are death, and worse!
I set on him so dire a curse
It sears his heart like flame!"

These two books of verse, coming as they do from the Bodley Head, are daintily bound and printed, and each is embellished with an appropriate decorative title-page.

STORIES OF THE WAGNER OPERAS. By H. A. Guerber. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

This is one of those useful redactions which are justified by their popularity. Lovers of the opera, and the general reader as well for that matter, will welcome Miss Guerber's paraphrases of the mediæval myths which form the groundwork of Wagner's operas. The author's manner is to describe the legends upon which the operas are based, following them in the latter as they are acted, so that her treatment of each is at once a directory to the acted play and a modern rendering of these weird and fascinating legends and stories. She also traces the origin and conception of the operas in the great composer's mind, and relates the circumstances under which they appeared, and notes their subsequent success or failure. Thus an interesting body of facts concerning Wagner is gathered about these stories of the Wagner operas, which, knit together, one after the other, form a series of links in the chain of his musical career not to be honoured with the name of history or biography, but which contain the material for such. There is a portrait of Wagner and eleven full-page half-tones, illustrating various scenes and characters photographed on the stage. The book has been made in good taste, and the cover has a rather pretty design.

SNOW BIRD AND THE WATER TIGER, AND OTHER AMERICAN INDIAN TALES. Edited by Margaret Compton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

The editor of these American Indian Tales has made splendid use of her materials. The stories are founded, we are informed, on folk-lore contained in the works of Schoolcraft, Copway, and Catlin, and also upon Government records of Indian affairs filed at the Smithsonian Institute. From first to last the narrative shows the firm energy and capability of the aborigines. Running through some of the tales, and especially in "White Cloud's Visit to the Sun Prince," there is an imaginative vein indicative of a high order of intuitive wisdom and moral insight. In power of creation these tales are barely second to the Jungle Book stories. While the descriptions have a richness and warmth of colouring in harmony with the incidents described, there is nothing flowery or superfluous about the style. What is more remarkable is the charming directness and simplicity with which the tales are told, and which is beautifully in keeping with what we know of the poetic in the Indian's character. In this sympathetic treatment of Indian life, Miss Compton has proved herself capable by her qualities of understanding and perspicacity to handle the subject. This collection is not only valuable for its preservation of the myths of a people who have been closely linked to American history, but also as an addition to the few genuine books of folk-lore for grown-ups as well as for children. We would also call attention to the beautiful illustrations which Mr. Walter Greenough has made to accompany these American Indian Tales.

THE WHITE WAMPUM. A Book of Indian Verse. By E. Pauline Johnson (Tekahionwake). Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co. $1.50.

In *Snow Bird and the Water Tiger, and Other Tales*, Miss Compton has recreated the shapes that were wont to dance and flash in the Indian's primeval fancy as he sat by his wigwam, on the vast prairie or in the great forest, and dreamed of the Happy Hunting Grounds. Miss Pauline Johnson, whose proudest claim is that Indian blood courses in her veins, and whose happiest memories are of "the copper-tinted face and smouldering fire of wilder life," sings the swan song of the doomed race. There is a genuine note in her voice as she conjures up the scene of a Red Man's death or follows the "Pilot of the Plains," or gives poignancy to the "Cry from an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Indian Wife ;" and she makes us hark back to the happy, unmolested days of the Indian's reign in many of the poems which commemorate his wild and unrestrained existence under opal-tinted skies on the "Shadow River," by "Moonset," or "In the Shadows." She sings the praise of the Red Man and of his country, and her song has that pathetic strain which comes from the ever-recurring remembrance of the grace of a day that is dead. Her knowledge of the fast-dying race is intimate, and her sympathetic treatment of the virtues and heroism of the redskins quickens almost to tears ; but her art, strange to say, bewrays her, and, after all, we get nearer to the life of the Indian through Longfellow and Whittier. Especially is this so where she deals with human nature ; there is none of the strange fascination that creeps over us as we read *Hiawatha*. But in Nature poetry she is better skilled. When she describes the land he lives in, and still more when she tries to utter the dreams that lie about her there, she rouses us to longing for a sight of the great prairies, and we catch the rapture and sadness of her mood in such lines as these :

"Mine is the undertone ;
The beauty, strength, and power of the land
Will never stir or bend at my command ;
But all the shade
Is marred or made
If I but dip my paddle blade ;
And it is mine alone.

"O ! pathless world of seeming !
O ! pathless life of mine whose deep ideal
Is more my own than ever was the real.
For others Fame
And Love's red flame,
And yellow gold ; I only claim
The shadows and the dreaming !"

In her touching little dedication Miss Johnson offers "this belt of verse-wampum to those two who have taught me most of its spirit—my Mother, whose encouragement has been my mainstay in its weaving ; my Father, whose feet have long since wandered to the Happy Hunting Grounds."

OXFORD AND HER COLLEGES. By Goldwin Smith. New York : Macmillan & Co. $1.50.

This dainty volume of 170 pages is interesting for its own sake, and also because of the purpose with which it was written. Professor Goldwin Smith says in the preface that he hopes to interest Americans in Oxford, so that to her and to Cambridge in the future the eyes of Americans may be turned no less than to the universities of Germany. But the sort of interest that this little book inspires—an æsthetic and sentimental interest—has never been lacking to Americans. Professor Smith chats very instructively about the history of Oxford, giving many curious facts—not always those that evoke scholastic respect—and is very entertaining. Fifteen fine illustrations beautify the volume, which has also a good index.

CORONATION OF LOVE. By George Dana Boardman, D.D. Philadelphia : American Baptist Publication Society. 75 cts.

The "Coronation of Love" is Paul's canticle in the thirteenth chapter of his first letter to the Corinthians. Dr. Boardman has again touched the lyre and sung the old, yet ever new song in tones that strike new notes and bring out fresh variations on the time-worn theme—time-worn indeed, but which in the skilful hands of such instrumentalists as Professor Drummond and Dr. Boardman becomes keyed to the eternal harmony of the spheres which makes the song endless, deathless in singing. The book itself is beautiful in its artistic simplicity and simple in its artistic beauty. It deserves to take its place along with Professor Drummond's *Greatest Thing in the World*, and we wish it God-speed on its New Year mission.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

Mr. Anthony Hope's *Half a Hero*, which preceded *The Prisoner of Zenda* and was published in 1893, has been reissued by the Messrs. Harper in a new and handsome edition. Those who have not already enjoyed reading this work of fiction by Mr. Hope will do well to attempt it in this advantageous form.—— Messrs. Macmillan and Company have brought out Mr. Crawford's *Katherine Lauderdale* in one volume, uniform with their dollar edition of this author's novels. The latest volume of Balzac in the new and charming edition which this firm is handling for the Messrs. Dent is *The Country Doctor* ($1.50). Ellen Marriage, who translates Balzac for this edition, is literate and more, which is something to be grateful for ; and who so able, with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his love for Balzac and his native honesty and reasonableness, to reconcile the reader and introduce each volume to him as the discreet Mr. George Saintsbury? There are those who would read anything recommended to them by Mr. Saintsbury. We have to record two more volumes in the Standard Illustrated Novels Series ($1.25 per volume), *Ormond*, by Miss Edgeworth, illustrated by Carl Schloesser and prettily introduced, as is her manner, by Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie; and *Jacob Faithful*, which has Mr. Brock's happy pen-and-ink pictures and an introduction by Mr. David Hannay. What Mr. Hannay has to say is briefly said and done with; for those who would read *Jacob Faithful* must to the story itself, without preamble. Neither did it need the citation of Thackeray's "beloved *Jacob Faithful*" to win us to this old favourite, which we welcome in its latest modern guise; but the allusion is pleasant and felicitous, and to some readers it will be informing.——*Leighton Court*, "a country house story," is the latest addition to the Scribner's uniform edition of Henry Kingsley's novels. The price is $1.00.——Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have published an American edition of Mr. John Davidson's *Sentences and Paragraphs* ($1.00). Mr. Davidson is a master of epigram, and can say strong things well worth saying in an original and sententious manner. His aphorisms, criticisms, and delightful *obiter dicta* have a bracing and invigorating quality about them which, if it be not genius, is something very like it. The same firm have also published a volume of humorous and sympathetic sketches of animal life and home pets, entitled *Subject to Vanity* ($1.25), by Margaret Benson, a sister of the author of *Dodo*. Miss Benson chats in a delightfully garrulous vein about the curious habits and characteristics of her many pets, and illustrates some of their droll attitudes with drawings of her own.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company have produced a beautiful holiday book of Longfellow's *Song of Hiawatha* ($2.00). Tricked out in no cheap, flimsy covers, but in a substantial, heavy buckram, with neat, chaste design, printed in clear type on fine paper, it is an example of book-making to shame many of the volumes with which it will lie side by side during the season. But the best is yet to be said. There is a full-page illustration to each of the twenty-two parts of the poem, from designs by Frederic Remington. This in itself is a feature to commend the book. We know these to be no fancy pictures, but to be the result of years of study on the plains and prairies of the West. It was also a happy idea to give a frontispiece portrait of Longfellow as he appeared in 1840, when he wrote *Hiawatha*. We have now *The Whittier Year-Book* (Houghton, Mifflin and Company) to add to this popular form of devotional literature intended as gift-books, and there is a wealth of material of this sort in the verse and prose of Whittier that may be chosen for the daily food of the lover of thought and beauty. We see many favourite passages here, and others not so familiar, but all are endeared to us by the gentle spirit which gave them being and breathed life and beauty into them. The book is beautifully bound, contains a new frontispiece portrait of the poet, and only costs one dollar. This house has also acquired the rights of Miss Agnes Repplier's little volume of sprightly *Essays in Miniature* ($1.25), published in 1892, and has issued it in a new edition in a dainty manner befitting the contents. This volume contains the well-conned "Trials of a Publisher," of which the papers made much on its appearance; also the appreciative criticism of Mr. Oscar Wilde's *Intentions*—a book which embodies some of this author's most thoughtful, serious, and scholarly work. Miss Repplier is one of the most companionable of writers, and she is never guilty of writing a dull page.

Dog Stories from the Spectator is an interesting collection of anecdotes illustrative of the canine intelligence, affection, and sympathy. The stories first appeared in the pages of the "Correspondence Columns" of the *Spectator*. An introduction is contributed by J. St. Loe Strachey, and an original cover has been given to the book (Macmillan, $1.75). The Macmillans have published Matthew Arnold's famous essay on "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time" and Walter Pater's "Essay on Style" together in miniature shape, bound in cloth, 75 cents, and in paper, 25 cents. Both are reprints from the authors' collected works published by the same firm.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOME RECENT EDUCATIONAL PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Ginn and Company publish *A History of Our Country*, a text-book for schools, which is a book of especial interest because its authors, Messrs. O. H. Cooper, H. F. Estill, and Leonard Lemmon, are all Texans, and connected with the school system of their State. Its object, as set forth in the preface, is to "present fairly and impartially all sections of the Union. The authors," they say, "have endeavoured to divest the narrative of all bias for or against the North or the South, the East or the West." In this we believe that they have fully succeeded, for we have read with extreme care all those parts of the book where such a bias might be looked for, and have discovered not a word or a phrase that would enable one to detect a suggestion of partisanship. The later ante-bellum period, the war itself, and the era of reconstruction, are all treated with a really remarkable absence of prejudice; and, apart from its immediate purpose, the whole narrative has value as giving striking testimony to the reality of our existing national harmony. The book is handsomely printed in clear, legible type, and is supplied with a large number of interesting illustrations. The same publishers send us a volume, entitled *The Philosophy of School Management*, by Arnold Tompkins, which we reserve for a more extended notice hereafter.

The study of the classics may be on the decline, as many very worthy people say; yet if so, the publishers do not yet appear to have discovered the fact. Never were so many works put forth relating to the language and literature of Greece and Rome; and surely never were there so many of permanent and practical value. Foremost among them is an Appendix to Professor Bennett's condensed *Latin Grammar*, of which we gave a short notice some time ago. This Appendix is in a way of even greater interest and importance, especially to the teacher, than the grammar itself. In it Mr. Bennett takes up, in a most lucid and clean-cut way, a number of questions that have lately come into vogue among Latinists. Among these are especially to be noticed the subject of Latin pronunciation, of hidden or natural quantities, of correct orthography, and of certain syntactical topics on which the modern doctrine differs from the old. There are no words wasted in this neat little volume of 230 pages, and yet nothing is pinched for space; all of which shows the art and ingenuity of the expositor. We notice here and there, however, that in the intensity of his pursuit of Latin grammatical subtleties the Professor occasionally knocks a hole in English syntax, as when he says, "Neither Gröber nor Körting *include* it in their collection." The Appendix, like the *Grammar*, is published by Messrs. Allyn and Bacon, of Boston. ——Messrs. Ginn and Company have issued a very neat and useful edition of *Selected Lives*, taken from Cornelius Nepos and edited by Dr. Arthur W. Roberts, of the William Penn Charter School of Philadelphia. The quantities are very carefully marked, there are good notes, a list of word-groups with their bases, and a vocabulary, together with a good map and a few illustrations.——Messrs. Leach, Shewell and Sanborn publish *A First Greek Book*, by Professor Graves of Tufts, and Dr. Hawes of the Brooklyn Polytechnic; and the Messrs. Macmillan send us a beautiful little volume intended for beginners in the study of the New Testament, entitled *Essentials of New Testament Greek*, by Mr. J. H. Huddilston, of the Northwestern University. It is both simple and scholarly, and has a brief yet interesting introduction on the Hellenistic Greek and its history. The book should be of much value to theological students. Price, 75 cents.——*The Youth's Classical Dictionary*, by Mr. E. S. Ellis, published by the Woolfall Company, of this city, is a compilation of some 200 pages that may be of use for ready reference, though it is not very carefully made. The price is 50 cents.

To the American Book Company's series of "Eclectic School Readings" there have recently been added *Fairy Stories and Fables*, retold by James Baldwin, and *Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans*, by Edward Eggleston. ——Messrs. D. Appleton and Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

send us the latest two volumes of their "International Educational Series"—*Mottoes and Commentaries on Froebel's Mother Play* by Henrietta R. Eliot and Susan E. Blow, and *The Psychology of Number* by Messrs. McLellan and Dewey, both of which will receive a more extended notice in the December number of THE BOOKMAN, together with several other important educational works.

AMONG THE LIBRARIES.

The Library of the University of Vienna reports additions of 18,100 volumes during the past year, raising the total number of volumes in the Library to 435,000.

Librarians, booksellers, and book-buyers who deal with French books will be glad to learn that Le Soudier in Paris proposes to issue shortly, under the title *Bibliographie Française*, a collection of the catalogues of French publishers, like the *American Trade List Annual*. Similar publications have been issued from time to time in England and Italy, following the idea of the *Trade List Annual*, which was started in 1873. The French catalogue will have an index of authors and also of subjects.

The Biblioteca Nationale Centrale in Florence has just celebrated in a modest way the twenty-fifth anniversary of its creation as a national library by the receipt of the privilege of copyright books for Italy conferred on it in 1870. As a result of this resource, the Library now reports the possession of 435,079 volumes, about the same number of pamphlets, and over 18,000 manuscripts. It announces that it will take up again the publication of the *Indicie Cataloghi*, which has been interrupted for some years.

A number of Belgian enthusiasts have recently held at Brussels a Conférence Bibliographique Internationale, as they style their meeting. They have also founded an Institut International de Bibliographie, which has commenced the publication of a *Bulletin*.

The object of the organisation and the work of the meeting seems to be the compulsory introduction by governmental authority, in all the libraries of the world, of the Dewey Decimal Classification, which attracted considerable attention among librarians in this country a number of years since. Setting out with the startling information that the system has been adopted by the American Library Association and the national government through the Board of Education, and is in general use here, the Institut proposes to bless Europe with the universal introduction of the Decimal Classification.

Bonn University Library reports the addition, during the last academic year, of 15,974 numbers, which appear to be largely pamphlets, including duplicate dissertations.

The John Crerar Scientific Library of Chicago, which recently appointed as its librarian Mr. C. W. Andrews, formerly of the Library of the Institute of Technology at Boston, has just appointed as assistant librarian Mr. A. H. Hopkins, who has been for the past eight years in a similar capacity in the Library of the University of Michigan. This new library for Chicago has, by the selection of these two young men—among the most capable and most promising of the younger librarians of the country—formed the nucleus of a competent library staff. It has thus avoided the example of some libraries established in recent years, which have proceeded with the preliminary work of buying and arranging the library without first securing the services of competent librarians.

The investigation which has been recently held concerning the matter of copyright fees in the Library of Congress has resulted in making known a regrettable condition of the accounts in that department. The Congressional Library, which is soon to occupy its new building, has been for many years in an increasing state of confusion. In most of its departments it appears to be far behind what should be expected of a national library. The overcrowding of routine work, in the copyright department particularly, and the duty of aid-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing members of Congress in their researches in the Library, have so far engrossed the time and strength of the venerable librarian, that the wider and more important interests of the Library appear to have been largely neglected. The work of a number of years and a large money outlay would seem to be necessary to put the catalogue and other departments of the Congressional Library in proper working condition as it is understood in the best libraries of the country. The important work of properly cataloguing, arranging, and making available the Library of Congress should be undertaken without further delay.

The Columbia College Library has added during the past college year the large number of 24,839 volumes, raising its total number on July 1st of this year to over 200,000 volumes. Its additions for the month of September are over 3000 volumes. Special attention is being given to enriching the library with sets of scientific periodicals and the transactions of learned societies in various fields. The additions in this class of literature make up many thousand volumes. Work on the new library building given by President Low is being industriously prosecuted, and the foundations are well advanced.

The report of the Chicago Public Library has just been issued. It announces the addition for the past year of 18,485 volumes and a total number of 211,157 volumes. Its circulation for home use has reached the large number of 1,147,862 volumes. The new library building is roofed in, and the interior work is being rapidly pushed.

The Library of the University of Leipzig celebrates this year its three hundred and fiftieth anniversary.

The Bodleian Library, at Oxford, reports for the past year the largest growth in its history, namely, 60,787 items, of which 44,853 come from copyright. Of the whole number, only 6695 were bound volumes. This illustrates the great reduction which must be made from the number of pieces received by copyright in libraries, to arrive at the real increase in books, and the working strength of a library.

The work of unifying and organising the new library which is to grow out of the combined Astor, Lenox, and Tilden foundations has in large degree rested during the vacation period.

The financial management has been consolidated, and the funds of the several corporations have passed under the administrative control of the new corporation. The books of the Tilden Library, substantially Mr. Tilden's private library, have been removed to the Lenox Library building.

The Publishing Section of the American Library Association announces as ready for distribution the *List of Subject Headings for Dictionary Catalogues.* It contains about three thousand headings with the necessary references, and ought to prove useful to libraries of moderate size. The section is also publishing small lists of selected titles on special topics, with criticisms and remarks by persons supposed to be authorities.

The schools for library training which have sprung up in such numbers during the past ten years seem to all find pupils in abundance.

The summer school held at Amherst, Mass., under the direction of Mr. W. I. Fletcher, the college librarian, had a class this year of thirty.

Plans for a new library building at Hoboken, N. J., to cost $50,000 have been adopted.

The authorities of the Newark Public Library are discussing plans for the proposed new building, for which a site has been secured.

Miss Caroline M. Underhill, of Derry, N. H., has been appointed as librarian of the Utica Public Library, succeeding the late Miss Louise S. Cutler, with whom she had been associated as assistant.

Preparations are actively going forward for a large fair to be held shortly for the benefit of the Aguilar Library, of New York City. The work of this institution in its several branches is constantly increasing, and far outstrips the resources in hand. The uptown branch has recently removed from Lexington Avenue to more accessible quarters on Fifty-ninth Street.

The completion of the first series of the index catalogues of the Library of the Surgeon-General's Office in Washington, which has just been effected by the issue of the sixteenth volume, seems worthy of notice. This immense catalogue, which is without doubt the most extensive record ever published of a special collection in a definite field, is an unrivalled monument to the industry of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its compilers, and an honour to American libraries. It is an unusual combination of fortunate circumstances that makes it possible for so large and full a collection as the Library of the Surgeon-General's office to be so fully and thoroughly catalogued as that collection has been. It is an added and equally fortunate circumstance that so immense a catalogue, when compiled, could be put into print. It is proposed to issue a second supplementary series of five volumes. The whole work constitutes a bibliographical handbook of the medical sciences far surpassing in fulness and detail the bibliographical apparatus in any other department of human learning. This collection of books and the catalogue has been created largely under the supervision of the librarian, Dr. J. S. Billings, who has now terminated his connection with the Surgeon-General's office, and accepted the Chair of Public Hygiene in the University of Pennsylvania.

In a recently issued article on the libraries of Canada, by James Bain, chief librarian of the Toronto Public Library, it appears that the Canadians are still considerably behind the United States in the matter of library development. Mr. Bain's statistics show that in a total population for the Dominion of Canada of 4,833,239, the entire number of volumes in the various libraries throughout is but 1,557,391, or an average of 310 volumes to every thousand inhabitants. New York State has the reputation of being somewhat behind many of the other States of the Union in library matters, yet the total number of volumes in the libraries of the State is given in a late *Bulletin* of the Regents of the University of the State of New York at 4,133,378, while the population of the State, by the last census, was 5,997,853, giving an average of 689 volumes for each thousand inhabitants.

The largest and most important library in Canada is the Library of Parliament, at Ottawa, reported to contain 150,000 volumes; while the second in size appears to be the Library of Laval College in Quebec, which contains 100,000 volumes.

George H. Baker.

THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, October 1, 1895.

Text-books for schools and colleges have led all other classes of literature in point of sale during the past month. The retirement, owing to the advance in methods, of many titles and authors that have been popular in the past is noticeable, and in no case more so than in reading and in the study of literature. Where formerly only series of readers and text-books were used, it is now customary to supplement or use entirely selections from the standard authors. Of works especially prepared for this purpose in cheap school editions may be mentioned the Riverside Literature Series, Maynard's Classics, Grimm's Classics for Children, and Rolfe's Shakespeare.

Trade in general literature can hardly be yet said to have fairly started for the autumn and winter months. Dealers are engaged for the most part in completing their stock from the various new lines put forth by the publishers. A feature of the holiday publications will be the numerous year-books. This is a style of book which has come into vogue during the past year or two, and is now in danger of being overdone, as many of this year's authors are hardly known to the general public. Those by Phillips Brooks, Holmes, and Whittier will perhaps have the largest sales.

New juvenile books in cloth bindings, which seemed rather scarce in the early part of the season, have now been brought out in large quantities, with attractive bindings and illustrations. The following authors continue to be very popular in this class: William O. Stoddard, G. A. Henty, Kirk Munroe, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, and James Otis. The latter is particularly prolific, one publisher having no less than five new books of his, while at least four or five others have one apiece.

The prettiest toy books are undoubtedly imported ones, the colouring of the illustrations being very fine, and also the mechanical effects, such as the transformation pictures. Fairy stories are always popular in the holidays, and several new volumes are announced, including *The Red True Story Book* and *My Own Fairy Book*, by Andrew Lang.

In fiction, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and *The Prisoner of Zenda* still lead in demand, while the works of Stanley J. Weyman, Hall Caine, A. Conan Doyle, and S. R. Crockett come next in popularity. Other books of the month selling well are *Lilith*, by George Macdonald; *Men of the Moss-Hags*, by S. R. Crockett; *The Wise Wom-*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an, by Clara Louise Burnham, and *The Village Watch Tower*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. In other subjects Balfour's *Foundations of Belief*, Kidd's *Social Evolution*, and *The Ascent of Man* have had a steady sale, and *How Marcus Whitman Saved Oregon*, by O. W. Nixon, may also be added to this list.

Travellers for the publishers report good sales during the month, and while retail dealers do not yet feel any marked increase, there is a prevailing impression that business will meet their expectations in the coming months.

For September, the most popular books have been almost the same as those of the preceding month.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Brush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

The King's Stratagem. By Stanley J. Weyman. 50 cts.

From the Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Stanley J. Weyman. $1.25.

About Paris. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.25.

My Lady Nobody. By Maarten Maartens. $1.75.

College Girls. By Abbe Carter Goodloe. $1.25.

The Stark Munro Letters. By A. Conan Doyle. $1.50.

The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50.

The Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 75 cts.

The Adventures of Captain Horn. By Frank Stockton. $1.50.

The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00.

The Princess Aline. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.25.

Rhymes of Our Planet. By Will Carleton. $1.25.

Barabbas. By Marie Corelli. $1.00.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, October 1, 1895.

September is an important month to the bookseller, for it marks the opening of the busy season, and the record of business done during this month is an indication of what will follow during the remainder of the year. It must be admitted that trade has been very satisfactory; country buyers have been liberal in their holiday purchases, and have bought especially well of the better class of books. There still exists, however, the tendency to caution which asserted itself so strongly last year, and dealers are wary of investing in costly books. A good deal of interest has been shown in forthcoming books, especially the leading juveniles, and the advance orders for books to appear this month are fully up to expectations. On the whole, we may say the season has opened briskly, and the prospects for the holidays are bright.

Quite a number of good books made their bow to the public last month. The best of them were *The Stark Munro Letters*, by Conan Doyle, and Weyman's *Memoirs of a Minister of France*, which take the leading place from a business point of view in the month's output. *About Paris*, by R. H. Davis, claims the next place, and of the other new books, which are selling well, we may mention *Rhymes of our Planet*, by Will Carleton, and *The Front Yard, and Other Stories*, by Miss Woolson. S. R. Crockett's *Men of the Moss-Hags* was received just as the month closed, and judging from the way it is being taken up will undoubtedly be one of the leading books during October. In regard to the older favourites, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* is surprising everybody by its phenomenal sale, and the demand for the *Chimmie Fadden* books has been remarkable. Every one seems to be reading them. *The Prisoner of Zenda* is also having a greatly increased sale at present, which is probably accounted for by the dramatisation of the story. An amusing thing about Mr. Hope's book is that there are constant calls for a sequel.

It would seem, on the face of it, that, considering the success of so many of the new authors, the present would hardly be an appropriate time to attempt to resuscitate some of the older lights that shone two or three generations ago, but whose lustre time has dimmed. It has been done, however, and successfully, for the reprints of the Ferrier novels, Miss Edgeworth's works, and others have had, and are having, quite a good sale. More of these reprints are under way, for we notice in preparation new editions, amongst others, of the works of John Galt, Henry Kingsley, and Lady Jackson.

Cheirosophy is one of the smaller fads of the hour, and there is quite a constant call for books on this subject. A new work by "Cheiro," entitled *The Language of the Hand*, is having quite a large sale for a book of this kind, notwithstanding the fact that it is a comparatively high-priced work.

The season will be particularly rich in juvenile books, for it appears to be the only line in which publishers have arranged for a larger output than usual. Books for boys lead the van in numbers, and we notice that in addition to three new Henty books, which, like their predecessors, are sure of a large sale, there will be works by such well-known favourites as H. A. Alger, E. S. Ellis, Oliver Optic, Hezekiah Butterworth, G. Manville Fenn, and others.

As will be seen by the subjoined list of books, which were most in demand during the month, many new books take the places formerly filled by the older ones. In addition to the books mentioned, it should be added that people are now beginning to do some of their heavy winter reading, as is evidenced by the increased demand for books on Political Economy, Religion, Sociology, History, and so forth.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

Chimmie Fadden, 1st and 2d Series. By E. W. Townsend. Each, cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cts.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50.

The Stark Munro Letters. By A. Conan Doyle. $1.50.

Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Stanley J. Weyman. $1.25.

The Front Yard, and Other Italian Stories. By C. F. Woolson. $1.25.

About Paris. By R. H. Davis. $1.25.

Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.25.

Lilith. By George Macdonald. $1.25.

Trilby. By George Du Maurier. $1.75.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When Valmond Came to Pontiac. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.
The Little Huguenot. By Max Pemberton. 75 cts.
The Adventures of Captain Horn. By F. R. Stockton. $1.25.
Barabbas. By Marie Corelli. $1.00.
The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00.
The Master. By I. Zangwill. $1.75.

ENGLISH NOTES.

LONDON, August 19 to September 21, 1895.

The number of new books announced for publication bids fair to eclipse all previous years. Competent judges, whose opinion must be respected, state that an improved trade is in store for the retail booksellers. The latter unite as one man in hoping that they are not mistaken.

Trilby is still selling freely, and establishing a record of its own. It appeared at a time when a good demand for a six-shilling book was very acceptable indeed.

New books are being delivered in large numbers. One shudders to think what the aggregate will be for the autumn season. The worst feature is that the total value does not increase proportionately with the numbers, the books merely competing with each other.

The leading school-books show no signs of decreased circulation, so far as can be judged in the wholesale trade. The life of a school-book once accepted as a standard work is a long one, and its death is usually very sudden. To this latter fact, the shelves of every retail bookseller bear unanswerable evidence.

Appended is a list of the leading publications of the moment. Six-shilling novels are by no means wanting; in fact, they still form an important item. Novels at 3s. 6d. have not supplanted the higher-priced ones, as publishers state that the leading authors cannot be produced at the price.

Trilby. By G. Du Maurier. 6s.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
From the Memoirs of a Minister of France. By S. Weyman. 6s.
Joan Haste. By H. Rider Haggard. 6s.
The Manxman. By Hall Caine. 6s.
Barabbas. By Marie Corelli. 6s.
My Lady Nobody. By M. Maartens. 6s.
The Adventures of Captain Horn. By F. R. Stockton. 6s.
The Return of the Native. New Edition. By T. Hardy. 6s.
All Men are Liars. By J. Hocking. 3s. 6d.
The Lovely Malincourt. By Helen Mathers. 3s. 6d.
The Woman Who Wouldn't. By Lucas Cleeve. 3s. 6d.
The Woman Who Didn't. By Victoria Crosse. 3s. 6d. net.
The Carbonels. By C. M. Yonge. 3s. 6d.
Clarence. By Bret Harte. 3s. 6d.
Mildred Arkell. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 2s. and 2s. 6d.
Nelson. By J. K. Laughton. 2s. 6d.
The English Flower Garden. By W. Robinson. 15s.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between September 1 and October 1, 1895.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
3. Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. $1.25. (Longman's.)
4. About Paris. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. The King's Stratagem. By Weyman. 50 cts. (Platt & Bruce.)
6. Stark Munro Letters. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Heart of Life. By Mallock. $1.25. (Putnam.)
3. Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. $1.25. (Longmans.)
4. King's Stratagem. By Weyman. 50 cts. (Platt & Bruce.)
5. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Stark Munro Letters. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Heart of Life. By Mallock. $1.25. (Putnam.)
2. Tryphena in Love. By Raymond. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
3. Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Ward. 75 cts. Macmillan.)
4. Hon. Peter Sterling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
5. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
6. Little Huguenot. By Pemberton. 75 cts. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Sónya Kovalévsky. By Leffler. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. With the Help of the Angels. By Hopkins. Paper, 50 cts. (Putnam.)
4. Spoilt Girl. By Warden. Paper, 50 cents. (Lippincott.)
5. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. $1.75. (Harper.)
6. Heart of Life. By Mallock. $1.25. (Putnam.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Heart of Life. By Mallock. $1.25. (Putnam.)
3. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. $1.75. (Harper.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

4. Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. $1.26. (Longmans.)
5. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Letters of Celia Thaxter. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Heart of Life. By Mallock. $1.25. (Putnam.)
3. Memoirs of a Gentleman of France. By Weyman. $1.25. (Longmans.)
4. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. King's Stratagem. By Weyman. 50 cts. (Platt & Bruce.)
6. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. $1.25. (Longman.)
2. Stark Munro Letters. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. About Paris. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. The Little Huguenot. By Pemberton. 75 cts. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. An Infatuation. By Gyp. 50 cts. (Fenno.)
6. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. $1.75. (Harper.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. $1.25. (Longmans.)
2. The Stark Munro Letters. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. About Paris. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
5. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
6. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Kentucky Cardinal. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
2. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
3. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. Paper, 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
5. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. $1.75. (Harper.)
6. Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. $1.25. (Longmans.)

DENVER, COL.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
3. Chiffon's Marriage. By Gyp. 75 cts. (Stokes.)
4. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)

HARTFORD, CONN.

1. A Galloway Herd. By Crockett. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cts. (R. F. Fenno & Co.)
2. From the Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. $1.25. (Longmans.)
3. The Stark Munro Letters. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. The Men of the Moss-Hags. By Crockett. $1.50. (Macmillan & Co.)
5. Her Majesty. By Tompkins. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cts. (Putnam.)
6. At War with Pontiac. By Kirk Munroe. $1.25. (Scribner.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. $1.25. (Longmans.)
3. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.00. (Harper.)
4. Ferragus. By Balzac. $1.50. (Roberts.)
5. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Fort Frayne. By Captain King. $1.25. (Tenson Neely.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Story of Bessie Costrell. By Ward. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
3. When Valmond Came to Pontiac. By Parker. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Fort Frayne. By King. $1.25. (Neeley.)
6. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. $1.75. (Harper.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. College Girls. By Goodloe. $1.25. (Scribner.)
2. A Patriot's Strategy. By Hargis. $1.00. (C. T. Dearing.)
3. Stark Munro Letters. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Turning Points in Successful Careers. By Thayer. $1.50. (Crowell.)
6. About Paris. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Reminiscences of Dr. Andrew Bonar. $1.75. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Galloway Herd. By Crockett. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cts. (Fenno.)
4. Tammas Bodkin. By Latto. $1.75. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
5. Our Western Archipelago. By Field. $2.00. (Scribner.)
6. Story of Bessie Costrell. By Ward. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Heart of Life. By Mallock. $1.25. (Putnam.)
3. Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. $1.25. (Longman.)
4. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Stark Munro Letters. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton)
6. King's Stratagem. By Weyman. 50 cts. (Platt & Bruce.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Pony Tracks. By Remington. $3.00. (Harper)
3. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Little Huguenot. By Pemberton. 75 cts. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
6. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. $1.75. (Harper.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
3. The Honour of Savelli. By Yeats. Paper, 50 cts. (Appleton.)
4. The Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
5. When Valmond Came to Pontiac. By Parker. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
6. Story of Bessie Costrell. By Ward. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. $1.75. (Harper.)
3. Veiled Doctor. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. About Paris. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. $1.25. (Longmans.)
6. King's Stratagem. By Weyman. 50 cts. (Platt & Bruce.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Manxman. By Caine. (Appleton.)
3. Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. (Macmillan.)
4. Story of Bessie Costrell. By Mrs. Ward. (Macmillan.) 75 cts.
5. Social Evolution. By Kidd. (Macmillan.)
6. Coin's Financial School. (Harvey Coin Pub. Co.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Stark Munro Letters. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham. By Hobbes. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. An Imaginative Man. By Hickins. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Her Majesty. By Tompkins. 50 cts. (Putnam.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. $1.75. (Harper.)
3. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Fire of the Forge. By Ebers. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. With the Procession. By Fuller. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Kentucky Cardinal. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. About Paris. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Stark Munro Letters. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. An Errant Wooing. By Harrison. $1.50. (Century.)
6. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. $1.75. (Harper.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Letters of Celia Thaxter. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
2. Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. $1.25. (Longmans.)
3. Meadow Grass. By Alice Brown. $1.50 net. (Copeland & Day.)
4. Stark Munro Letters. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. The Lilac Sunbonnet. By S. R. Crockett. $1.25. (Appleton.)
6. About Paris. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE MONTH.

AMERICAN.

THEOLOGY, AND PHILOSOPHY.

ALDEN, H. M.—A Study of Death. 12mo, pp. ix–336, $1.50.....Harper

CHRISTOPHER: the Angel and the Vision; or, The New Christian Commission. 16mo, pp. 157, $1.25.....Revell

CURETON, ELIZABETH.—Beautiful Thoughts of Life Eternal. *16mo, pp. ii–309, 75 cents.* Merriam

DENISON, J. H.—Christ's Idea of the Supernatural. 12mo, pp. iv–423, $2.00. Houghton, M.

FOOTE, MARY HASTINGS.—A Life of Christ for Young People, in Questions and Answers. 12mo, pp. xvi–281, $1.25.....Harper

GORDON, G. A.—The Christ of To-day. 12mo, pp. viii–322, $1.50.....Houghton, M.

GORE, C.—Dissertations on Subjects Connected with the Incarceration. 8vo, pp. xvi–323, $2.50.....Scribner

Gleanings, Pure, Pointed and Practical. Gathered Especially for the Members of the Christian Endeavor and Epworth League, etc. 16mo, pp. 155, 60 cents.....Jacobs

GREEN, W. H.—The Higher Criticism of the Pentateuch. *12mo, pp. xiii–184, $1.50.* Scribner

GREER, D. H.—The Preacher and His Place: The Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching, delivered at Yale University, February, 1895. 12mo, pp. 263, $1.25.....Scribner

HARTZELL, Rev. J. S.—Sin and Our Saviour: Forty Serious Sermons for Forty Serious Days. 12mo, pp. ii–231, $2.00. Young Churchman Co.

IVES, C. T., and WOODMAN, R. H.—The Hymnal for Schools. 16mo, pp. vi–294, 50 cents. Fords, Howard & H.

JOWETT, B.—College Sermons. Edited by W. H. Fremantle. 12mo, pp. xvi–348. Macmillan

LAZARUS, JOSEPHINE.—Spirit of Judaism. 16mo, pp. iii–202, $1.25.....Dodd, M.

MACARTHUR, R. S.—Quick Truths in Quaint Texts. 12mo, pp. 336, $1.25. Amer. Bap. Pub. Soc.

MARSON, C. L.—The Psalms at Work. 12mo, pp. 235, $1.50.....Jacobs

MCCOOK, C.—The Gospel in Nature. 12mo, pp. 379, $1.00.....Jacobs

MURRAY, Rev. A.—Have Mercy Upon Us. 16mo, pp. iii–197, $1.00.....Randolph

MURRAY, Rev. A.—Let Us Draw Nigh. 16mo, pp. iii–95, 50 cents.....Randolph

MURRAY, Rev. A.—Humility, The Beauty of Holiness. 18mo, pp. iii–141, 50 cents. Randolph

Plato: a Selection of Passages from the Translation, by B. Jowett, edited by M. J. Knight. 2 vols. 12mo, $3.50 *net*.....Macmillan

STALKER, J.—The Two St. Johns of the New Testament. 12mo, pp. iii–271, $1.00. Amer. Tract Soc.

WHYTE, A.—Bunyan's Characters: Lectures on the Holy War, delivered in St. George's Free Church, Edinburgh. 12mo, pp. 301, $1.00..... Revell

POETRY.

CHENEY, JOHN VANCE.—Queen Helen and Other Poems. 16mo, pp. vii–78, $3.00 *net*. Way & W.

BEECHING, H. C.—A Book of Christmas Verse. With illustrations by Walter Crane. 12mo, pp. xvi–174, $2.00.....Dodd, M.

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER.—She Stoops to Conquer. With illustrations by F. C. Gordon. 12mo, pp. iv–204, $2.00.....Dodd, M.

KROEKER, KATE FREILIGRATH.—A Century of German Lyrics. 16mo, pp. x–225, $1.00. Stokes

LONGFELLOW, H. W.—The Song of Hiawatha. With illustrations by Frederic Remington. 12mo, pp. xiii–180, $2.00.....Houghton, M.

LOWELL, J. R.—Last Poems. 12mo, pp. 47, $1.25.....Houghton, M.

MCCANN, J. E.—Songs from an Attic. 12mo, pp. x–173, $1.50.....Brentano's

PECK, SAMUEL MINTURN.—Rhymes and Roses. 16mo, pp. vi–186, $1.00.....Stokes

SAPPHO.—Memoir. Text, Selected Renderings, and a Literal Translation by H. Thornton Wharton. 12mo, pp. xx–217, $2.25. McClurg

FICTION.

ABBOTT, C. C.—A Colonial Wooing. 16mo, pp. 241, $1.00..... Lippincott

AIDE, HAMILTON.—Elizabeth's Pretenders. 12mo, pp. ii–334, $1.00; paper, 50 cents...Putnam

ANDERSEN, HANS CHRISTIAN.—Stories and Fairy Tales. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. xi–397; xii–426, $3.50.....Dodd, M.

AUSTIN, JANE GOODWIN.—Standish of Standish. 2 vols., 12mo, pp. 422, $5.00. Houghton, M.

BALDWIN, J.—The Horse Fair. 12mo, pp. 418, $1.50.....Century Co.

BALZAC, H. DE.—The Marriage Contract. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. 12mo, pp. iv–331, $1.50.....Roberts

BALZAC, H. DE.—The Country Doctor. Translated by Ellen Marriage, with a Preface by George Saintsbury. 12mo, pp. xv–287, $1.50. Macmillan

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BARNES, ANNIE MARIA.—Matouchen: a Story of Indian Child-life. 12mo, pp. iv–316, $1.25. Amer. S. S. Union

BARRETT, F.—A Set of Rogues, to-wit: Christopher Sutton, John Dawson, The Señor Don Sanchez del Castillo de Castelana and Moll Dawson, etc. 12mo, pp. x–346, $1.50. Macmillan

BELLEW, F. P. W.—"Chip's" Dogs: a collection of humorous drawings. Oblong octavo, $1.00.....Russell

BOULTON, H. M.—Josephine Crewe. 12mo, pp. 300, $1.25.....Longmans

BRANCH, M. L. B.—The Kanter Girls. 12mo, pp. viii–219, $1.50.....Scribner

BROOKS, ELDRIDGE S.—A Boy of the First Empire. 12mo, pp. x–320, $1.50..Century Co.

BROUGHTON, RHODA.—Scylla or Charybdis: a Novel. 12mo, pp. ii–272, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.....Appleton

BROWN, HELEN DAWES.—The Petrie Estate. 16mo, $1.50.....Houghton, M.

BROWNE, FRANCIS F.—Volunteer Grain. 8vo, pp. 70, $2.25 *net*.....Way & W.

BURGIN, G. B.—At Tuxter's. 12mo, pp. iii–317, $1.00; paper, 50 cents .....Putnam

BURNETT, FRANCES HODGSON.—Two Little Pilgrims' Progress. 8vo, pp. 191, $1.50.

BURNHAM, CLARA LOUISE.—The Wise Woman: a Novel. 16mo, pp. iv–430, $1.25. Houghton, M.

BURTON (J. Bloundelle).—The Desert Ship: a Story of Adventure by Sea and Land. 12mo, pp. viii–399, $1.25.....Warne

CAMPBELL, GERALD.—The Joneses and the Asterisks: a Story in Monologue. 12mo, pp. iii–201, $1.25.....Merriam

COMPTON, MARGARET.—Snow Bird and the Water Tiger, and Other American Indian Tales. 12mo, pp. 201, $1.50.....Dodd, M.

CROCKETT, S. R.—A Galloway Herd. 12mo, pp. iii–298, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.... Fenno

CROCKETT, S. R.—The Men of Moss-Hags: Being a History of Adventure taken from the Papers of William Gordon, of Earlstoun, in Galloway, and told over again. 12mo, pp. x–370, $1.50 .....Macmillan

CUMINGS, ELIZABETH.—A Happy Discipline: a Two Years' Apprenticeship to Life. 12mo, pp. 258, $1.50.....Cong. S. S. & Pub. Soc.

CURTISS, Mrs. ALICE EDDY.—The House with Two Doors, and Other Stories. 12mo, pp. v–318, $1.25.....Cong. S. S. & Pub. Soc.

DAWE, W. C.—Yellow and White. 16mo, pp. 226, $1.00.....Roberts

Don. By the author of "Laddie," "Miss Toosey's Mission," etc. 16mo, pp. iii–332, $1.00. Roberts

DOYLE, A. CONAN.—The Stark Munro Letters: Being a Series of Twelve Letters, written by Stark Munro, M.B., to his friend and former fellow-student, Herbert Swanborough, of Lowell, Mass. 12mo, pp. iv–385, $1.50. Appleton

EARLE, Mrs. ALICE MORSE.—Margaret Winthrop. 12mo, pp. xiii–339, $1.25.....Scribner

EDWARDS, C. L.—Bahama Songs and Stories. 8vo, pp. x–111, $3.50.....Houghton, M.

EDWARDS, G. WHARTON.—The Rivalries of Long and Short Codiac. 18mo, pp. 156, $1.00. Century Co.

ELMSLIE, T. C.—Those Midsummer Fairies. 12mo, pp. 352, $1.25.....Amer. S. S. Union

FLETCHER, J. S.—When Charles the First was King: a Romance of Osgoldcross. 12mo, pp. x–418, $1.50.....McClurg

FOSTER, Mrs. I. H.—The Boynton Neighborhood. 12mo, pp. ii–251, $1.00. Cong. S. S. & Pub. Soc.

GRANT, R.—The Bachelor's Christmas. 12mo, pp. ix–309, $1.50.....Scribner

GISSING, G.—The Emancipated: a Novel. 12mo, pp. viii–456, $1.50.....Way & W.

GOODLOE, ABBE CARTER.—College Girls. 12mo, pp. iii–288, $1.25.....Scribner

GORDON, JULIEN.—A Wedding and Other Stories. 12mo, pp. iii–232, $1.00..Lippincott

HAGGARD, H. RIDER.—Joan Haste. 12mo, pp. x–425, $1.25..... ...Longmans, G.

HARTE, BRET.—Clarence. 16mo, pp. ii–270, $1.25.....Houghton, M.

HENTY, G. A.—A Knight of the White Cross: a Tale of the Siege of Rhodes. 12mo, pp. 400, $1.50..... Scribner

HENTY, G. A.—The Tiger of Mysore: a Story of the War with Tippo Saib. 12mo, pp. 390, $1.50.....Scribner

HERNEY, MAURICE H.—Dead Man's Court. 16mo, pp. 252, 75 cents .....Stokes

HERVEY, M. H.—Eric, the Archer. 12mo, pp. x–366, $1.50.....Arnold

HILL, GRACE LIVINGSTON.—Katharine's Yesterday, and Other Christian Endeavor Stories. 12mo, pp. iii–425, $1.50.....Lothrop

HINKSON, KATHARINE TYNAN.—The Way of a Maid. 12mo, pp. 300, $1.25.....Dodd, M.

HOTCHKISS, C. C.—In Defiance of the King: a Romance of the American Revolution. 12mo, pp. viii–334, $1.00; paper, 50 cents. Appleton

HOWELL, M. H.—Dorothy and Her Ships. 12mo, pp. iii–203, 90 cents .....Amer. S. S. Union

HUNGERFORD, Mrs.—Molly Darling, and Other Stories. By the Duchess. 18mo, pp. 214, 50 cents.....Lippincott

Iota: A Comedy in Spasms. 12mo, pp. 280, $1.00.....Stokes

KERR, R.—Hidden Beauties of Nature. 12mo, pp. 250, $1.40..... Revell

KING, ANNA EICHBERG.—Kitwyk Stories. 12mo, pp. x–319, $1.50.....Century Co.

KING, C.—Rancho del Muerto, and Other Stories. 16mo, pp. v–185, 50 cents..Outing Pub. Co.

KNOX, T. W.—In Wild Africa: Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey through the Sahara Desert. 12mo, pp. iii–326, $1.50. Wilde

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LANG, A.—The Red True Story Book. 12mo, pp. xii–419, $2.00.....Longmans, G.

LEE, AUBREY.—John Darker: a Novel. 12mo, $1.25.....Macmillan

LEGH, M. H. C.—My Dog Plato. 12mo, pp. iii–192, $1.00.....Arnold

LEMON, IDA.—Matthew Furth. 12mo, pp. 284, $1.25.....Longmans, G.

LE QUEUX, W.—Zoraida: a Romance of the Harem and the Great Sahara. 12mo, pp. 434, $1.50.....Stokes

MACLEOD, FIONA.—The Mountain Lovers. 16mo, pp. 222, $1.00.....Roberts

MAGRUDER, JULIA.—The Princess Sonia. 12mo, pp. 225, $1.25.....Century Co.

MARRYAT, Capt.—Mr. Midshipman Easy. 8vo, pp. x–412, $2.50.....Putnam

MCCOOK, HENRY CHRISTOPHER.—Old Farm Fairies: a Summer Campaign in Brownieland Against King Cobweaver's Pixies. 12mo, pp. xxxvi–392, $1.50.....Jacobs

MCMANUS, L.—The Red Star. 12mo, pp. iii–225, 50 cents.....Putnam

MITCHELL, S. WEIR.—A Maderia Party. 18mo, pp. 165, $1.00.....Century Co.

MOLESWORTH, Mrs.—White Turrets. 16mo, pp. 230, $1.00.....Whittaker

MOLIERE.—L'Avare, Don Juan, Les Fâcheux. Translated by Katherine Prescott Wormeley. 12mo, pp. 373, $1.50.....Roberts

MOORE, F. FRANKFORT.—The Sale of a Soul. 16mo, pp. 197, 75 cents.....Stokes

MUNROE, KIRK.—At War with Pontiac; or, The Totem of the Bear. 12mo, pp. vii–320, $1.25.....Scribner

MUNROE, KIRK.—Snow-Shoes and Sledges: a Sequel to "The Fur-Seal's Tooth." 12mo, pp. viii–271, $1.25.....Harper

Mysterious Voyage of the Daphne, and Other Stories for Boys and Girls. 12mo, pp. iv–305, $1.25.....Wilde

NADAL, E. S.—Notes of a Professional Exile. 18mo, pp. x–164, $1.00.....Century Co.

NASON, E. HUNTINGTON.—The Tower, with Legends and Lyrics. 12mo, pp. vi–141, $1.25. Houghton, M.

NEWBERRY, FANNIE.—The House of Hollister. 12mo, pp. iii–280, $1.25.....Bradley

NORRIS, O. M.—Nadya: a Tale of the Steppes. 12mo, pp. 256, $1.25.....Revell

NORTON, C. L.—Jack Benson's Log; or, Afloat with the Flag in '61. 12mo, pp. iii–276, $1.25.....Wilde

O'NEIL, MOIRA.—Elf-Errant. 12mo, pp. vi–109, $1.50.....Dodd, M.

OTIS, J.—Wood Island Light; or, Ned Sanford's Refuge. 12mo, pp. ii–246, $1.00...Bradley

OTIS, J.—Andy's Ward; or, The International Museum. 12mo, pp. 358, $1.25. Penn. Pub. Co.

PAGE, T. N.—Unc' Edinburgh: A Plantation Echo. 8vo, pp. 53, $1.50.....Scribner

PEARSE (Mark Guy).—Cornish Stories. 12mo, pp. 175, 70 cents.....Hunt & Eaton

PHELPS, ELIZABETH STUART.—Gypsy's Cousin Joy. 12mo, pp. vi–320, $1.50.....Dodd, M.

PLYMPTON, A. G.—A Bud of Promise. 16mo, pp. 93, 50 cents.....Roberts

POLLARD, ELIZA F.—Roger, the Ranger; a Story of Border Life Among the Indians. 12mo, pp. iii–320, $1.25.....Dodd, M.

POLEVOI, P. N.—Russian Fairy Tales. From the Skazki of Polevoi, by R. Nisbet Bain. 8vo, pp. ix–264, $1.50.....Way & Williams

POOL, MARIA LOUISE.—Against Human Nature: a Novel. 12mo, pp. 361, $1.25.....Harper

PORTER, ROSE.—My Son's Wife. 16mo, pp. 215, 75 cents.....Randolph

PYLE, HOWARD.—Jack Ballister's Fortunes. 12mo, pp. viii–420, $2.00.....Century Co.

PYLE, HOWARD.—The Garden Behind the Moon. Octavo, pp. vii–192, $2.00.....Scribner

ROOSEVELT, THEODORE, and HENRY CABOT LODGE.—Hero Tales from American History. 12mo, pp. xiv–335, $1.50..Century Co.

ROWE, HENRIETTA G.—Queens-hithe. 16mo, pp. iii–184, $1.00.....Wells, Moulton

ROY, NEIL.—The Horseman's Word: a Novel 12mo, $1.25.....Macmillan

SEAWELL, MOLLY ELLIOT.—Quarterdeck and Fok'sle: Stories of the Sea. 12mo, pp. 272, $1.25.....Wilde

SERGEANT, A.—Out of Due Season: a Mezzotint. 12mo, pp. ii–306, $1.00.....Appleton

SHIPTON, HELEN.—The Herons. 12mo, pp. iv–387, $1.00.....Macmillan

SMITH, GOLDWIN.—Oxford and Her Colleges: a View from the Radcliffe. 15mo, pp. vi–170, $1.50.....Macmillan

STEEL, Mrs. F. A.—Red Rowans. 12mo, pp. 406, $1.00.....Macmillan

STOCKTON, FRANK R.—A Chosen Few: Short Stories. 16mo, pp. 240, $1.25.....Scribner

SWAN, ANNIE S.—Fettered, Yet Free. 12mo, pp. iv–454, $1.25.....Dodd, M.

THAYER, W. M.—Turning Points in Successful Careers. 12mo, pp. x–410, $1.50...Crowell

TIREBUCK, W.—Miss Grace of All Souls. 12mo, pp. viii–351, $1.25.....Dodd, M.

TOMPKINS, ELIZABETH KNIGHT.—An Unlessoned Girl: a Story of School Life. 12mo, pp. iii–313, $1.25.....Putnam

WALFORD, Mrs. LUCY BETHIA.—A Bubble. 16mo, pp. iii–185, 50 cents.....Stokes

WARDEN, GERTRUDE.—Her Fairy Prince. 12mo, pp. 302, $1.00.....Lippincott

WARMAN, CY.—Tales of An Engineer, with Rhymes of the Rail. 12mo, pp. 242, $1.25. Scribner

WELLS, H. G.—The Wonderful Visit. 12mo, pp. viii–245, $1.25.....Macmillan

WEYMAN, STANLEY J.—The Snowball. 18mo, pp. 65, 40 cents.....Merriam

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHITE, ELIZA ORNE.—The Coming of Theodora. 12mo, pp. iii–304, $1.25.....Houghton, M.

WHITELOCK, L. C.—A Mad Madonna, and Other Stories. 16mo, pp. vi–203, $1.00. Jos. Knight Co.

WHITING, LILIAN.—From Dreamland Sent. 12mo, pp. 133, $1.25.....Roberts

WIGGIN, KATE DOUGLASS.—The Village Watch-Tower. 16mo, pp. vi–218, $1.00. Houghton, M.

WILLIAMS, HELEN B.—Hugh Pennock. 12mo, pp. 292, $1.10.....Amer. S. S. Union

WINTER, JOHN STRANGE.—Private Tinker. 16mo, pp. iii–186, 50 cents.....Stokes

WRIGHT, Mrs. JULIA MACNAIR.—A New Samaritan: the Story of an Heiress. 12mo, pp. 317, $1.25.....Amer. Tract Soc.

YONGE, CHARLOTTE M.—The Carbonels. 12mo, pp. vii–299, $1.25.....Whittaker

YOUNG, Capt. C.—The Last of the Vikings. 12mo, pp. viii–323, $1.50.....Bell & S.

ZOLA, EMILE,—Jacques Damour, Madame Neigeon, Nantas, How We Die, The Coqueville Spree, The Attack on the Mill. Englished by W. F. Apthorp. 16mo, pp. iii–369, $1 25. Copeland & D.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

ALEXANDER, Rev. J. M.—The Islands of the Pacific, from the Old to the New: a Sketch of Missions to the Pacific. 8vo, pp. iii–315, $2.00..... Amer. Tract Soc.

BAIN, R. NISBET.—Life of Hans Christian Andersen. 8vo, pp. x–461, $3.50....Dodd, M.

BAIRD, H. M.—The Huguenots and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. xxviii–566; xix–604, $7.50.....Scribner

BICKNELL, ANNA L.—Life in the Tuileries under the Second Empire. 8vo, pp. xiv–279, $2.25. Century Co.

BROOKS, NOAH.—Washington in Lincoln's Time. 12mo, pp. ix–328, $1.50.....Century Co.

BROWNE, WILLIAM HARDCASTLE. — Famous Women of History. 12mo, pp. iii–434, $2.00. Arnold

CHALMERS, J.—Pioneering in New Guinea. 8vo, pp. 255, $1.50..... .....Revell

CORNISH, C. J.—Wild England of To-day and the Wild Life in It. 8vo, pp. ix–310, $3.50. Macmillan

CRANE, STEPHEN.—The Red Badge of Courage: an Episode of the American Civil War. 12mo, pp. ii–233, $1.00..... Appleton

CRAWFORD, F. M.— Constantinople. 8vo, pp. ix–79, $1.50.....Scribner

DE LANO, PIERRE.—Napoleon III. Translated by Helen Hunt Johnson. 12mo, pp. 383, $1.25..... .....Dodd, M.

DE PUYSTER, J. WATTS.—The Real Napoleon Bonaparte. 4to, pp. 28, 75 cents.

DORR, JULIA C. R.—The Flower of England's Face: Sketches of English Travel. 24mo, pp. iv–259, 75 cents.....Macmillan

FORBES, ARCHIBALD.—Memories and Studies of War and Peace. 8vo, pp. v–368, $2.50. Scribner

GEORGE, H. B.—The Battles of English History. 12mo, pp. 333, $2.00.....Dodd, M.

GRIFFIS, W. ELLIOT.—Townsend Harris, First American Envoy in Japan. 8vo, pp. x–351, $2.00 .....Houghton, M.

HENTY, G. A.—Through Russian Snows: a Story of Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow. 12mo, pp. 339, $1.50..... .....Scribner

HOLDEN, E. S.—The Mogul Emperors of Hindostan. 12mo, pp. xvii–365, $2.00. Scribner

JAMES, J. P. R.—Richelieu. 2 vols., pp. v–369; v–343, $2.50.....Putnam

JUDSON, HARRY PRATT.—The Growth of the American Nation. 12mo, pp. ii–359, $1.00. Flood & V.

KING, HORATIO.—Turning on the Light: a Dispassionate Survey of President Buchanan's Administration from 1860 to its Close. 8vo, pp. 419, $2.00.....Lippincott

MARSH, HERBERT.—Two Seasons in Switzerland. 8vo, pp. 261, $3.50.....Dodd, M.

MACCUNN, FLORENCE A.—John Knox. 12mo, pp. vi–227, $1.00.....Houghton, M.

RANSOME, CYRIL. — An Advanced History of England: from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. 12mo, pp. xviii–1069, $2.25. Macmillan

RENAN E.—History of the People of Israel: Period of Jewish Independence and Judea under Roman Rule. 8vo, pp. viii–387, $2.50..... Roberts

STODDARD, C. A.—Cruising Among the Caribbees. 12mo, pp. x–198, $1.50..... Scribner

TARVER, J. C.—Gustave Flaubert, as Seen in His Works and Correspondence. 8vo, pp. xvi–368, $4.00..... .....Appleton

WILLARD, ASHTON R.—A Sketch of the Life and Work of the Painter Domenico Morelli. 8vo, pp. 65, $1.25 .....Houghton, M.

WRIGHT, CARROLL D.—The Industrial Evolution of the United States. 12mo, pp. 362, $1.00. Flood & V.

SCIENCE, ART, ETC.

ALDIS, Mrs. W. S.—Consider the Heavens: a Popular Introduction to Astronomy. 12mo, pp. 223, $1.00.....Revell

ATKINSON, PHILLIP.—Electricity for Everybody. 12mo, pp. xi–239, $1.50.....Century Co.

BICKERDYKE, J.—Sea-fishing; with Contributions on Antipodean and Foreigh Fish, by W. Senior; Tarpon, by A. C. Harmsworth; Whaling, by Sir H. W. Gore-Booth. 12mo, pp. xviii–513, $3.50.....Longmans

CLERKE, AGNES M.—The Herschels and Modern Astronomy, 12mo, $1.25.....Macmillan

DEAN, BASHFORD.—Fishes Living and Fossil: an Outline of their Forms and Probable Relationships. 8vo, $2.50.....Macmillan

DONALDSON, H. H.—The Growth of the Brain: a Study of the Nervous System in Relation to Education. 12mo, pp. 374, $1.25.Scribner

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HARLAND, MARION.—The Cottage Kitchen. With Supplementary Recipes by Christine Terhune Herrick. 16mo, pp. v–289, $1,00. Scribner

JANNARIS, A. M.—A Modern English-Greek Dictionary. 8vo, $2.50.....Harper

KAROLY, K.—A Guide to the Paintings of Venice. 16mo, pp. xxvii–278, $1.50.....Macmillan

MACPHERSON, H. A.—WORTLEY, A. J. S., and SHAND, A. I., The Pheasant; Natural History; Shooting and Cookery. 12mo, pp. v–265, $1.75 ....Longmans

MCLELLAN, J. A., and DEWEY, J.—The Psychology of Number and its Application to Methods of Teaching Arithmetic. 16mo, pp. xv–309, $1.50.....Appleton

SCUDDER, S. H.—Frail Children of the Air: Excursions into the World of Butterflies. 12mo, pp. viii–279, $1.50.....Houghton, M.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ARNOLD, M.—A Function of Criticism at the Present Time, and an Essay on Style by Walter Pater. 16mo, pp. 152, 75 cents. Macmillan

ASHMORE, R.—Side Talks with Girls. 12mo, pp. viii–252, $1.00.....Scribner

BEERS, H. A.—Initial Studies in American Letters. 12mo, pp. 291, $1.00.....Flood & V.

BERTENSHAW, T. H.—Harmony and Counterpoint, with Exercises. 12mo, pp. viii–93–290, $1.00..... Longmans

BOK, EDWARD W.—Successward. 12mo, pp. iii–184, $1.00.....Revell

CHANCELLOR, E. BERESFORD.—Literary Types: Essays in Criticism. 12mo, pp. 192, $1.50. Macmillan

COHEN, ISABEL E.—Readings and Recitations for Jewish Homes and Schools. 12mo, pp. 294, $1.25.....Jewish Pub. Soc.

COMPARETTI, DOMENICO.—Virgil in the Middle Ages; translated by E. F. M. Benecke. 12mo, pp. xvi–376, $2.50 .....Macmillan

DAVIDSON, JOHN.—Sentences and Paragraphs. 16mo, pp. vii–134, $1.00.....Dodd, M.

Earthwork out of Tuscany: being Impression and Translations of Maurice Hewlett. 16mo, pp. xi–179, $1.75.....Putnam

FITZGERALD, E.—The Letters of Edward Fitzgerald to Fanny Kemble. Collected and Edited by W. Aldis Wright. 12mo, pp. vi–253, $1.50.....Macmillan

HALLARD, J. H.—Gallica, and Other Essays. 8vo, pp. viii–157, $2.00.....Longmans

HARDWICKE, H.—The Art of Living Long and Happily. 12mo, pp. viii–106.....Putnam

HOFFMAN, W. J.—The Beginnings of Writings. 12mo, pp. xiv–209, $1.75.....Appleton

HUTTON, LAURENCE.—Other Times and Other Seasons. 16mo, pp. 181, $1.00 .....Harper

MACKAIL, J. W.—Latin Literature. 12mo, pp. vii–289, $1.25.....Scribner

MAKOWER, STANLEY V.—The Mirror of Music. 16mo, pp. 163, $1.00.....Roberts

NOBLE, J. A.—Impressions and Memories. 16mo, pp. 173, $1.50.....Putnam

NORTH, HELEN M.—The Mary Lyon Year-Book. Narrow 12mo, unpaged, $1.25. Cong. S. S. & Pub. Soc.

REPPLIER, A.—Essays in Miniature. 12mo, pp. viii–237, $1.25.....Houghton, M.

ROBINS, E.—Echoes of the Playhouse: Reminiscences of Some Past Glories of the English Stage. 12mo, pp. vi–331, $2.00....Putnam

STARR, F.—Some First Steps in Human Progress. 12mo, pp. ii–305, $1.00..Flood & V.

THAYER, W. M.—Aim High: Hints and Helps for Young Men. 12mo, pp. 181, 75 cents. Whittaker

THAYER, W. M.—Womanhood: Hints and Helps for Young Women. 12mo, pp. iii–175, 75 cents .....Whittaker

WELLS, B. W.—Modern German Literature. 12mo, pp. ix–406, $1.50 .....Roberts

WHITTIER, J. G.—The Whittier Year-Book: Passages from the Verse and Prose of John Greenleaf Whittier. 16mo, pp. iii–218, $1.00. Houghton, M.

WINGATE, C. E. L.—Shakespeare's Heroines on the Stage. 12mo, pp. viii–355, $2.00. Crowell

ENGLISH.

THEOLOGY, AND PHILOSOPHY.

BEET, J. A.—A New Life in Christ. 6/6. Hodder & S.

CHASE, F. H.—The Syro-Latin Text of the Gospels. 7/6 *net*..... ...Macmillan

DAVIDSON, W. T.—The Lord's Supper. 2/-. Kelly

Expositor's Bible, The. The Book of Jeremiah, chaps. xxi–lii., by W. H. Bennett. 7/6. Hodder & S.

ILLINGSWORTH, J. R.—Personality, Human and Divine. 6/-.....Macmillan

KING, Rev. J.—Ten Decades: the Australian Centenary Story of the London Missionary Society. 2/-.....Snow

PEARSON, S.—Scholars of Christ. 6/-...K. Paul

REYNOLDS, H. R.—Lamps of the Temple. 3/6. R. T. S.

STANLEY, H. M.—Studies in the Evolutionary Psychology of Feeling. 7/6...Sonnenschein

WELSH, Rev. R. E.—In Relief of Doubt. 3/6. J. Clarke

FICTION.

All Expenses Paid. 2/6 *net*.....Constable

ANDOM, R., and HAREWOOD, T.—The Fortunes of a Spendthrift. 3/6.....Constable

BEAUMONT, M.—A Kingly Lass and Other Stories. 2/6 *net*.....Dent

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOURNE, A. M.—A Mystery of the Cordillera. 3/6 *net*.....Bellairs

CORBETT, Mrs. G.—Deb o' Mally's. 2 vols. 21/-
Hurst

CAMERON, Mrs. L.—A Bad Lot: a Novel. 2/6.
White

CLEEVES, L.—The Woman Who Wouldn't. 3/6.
Simpkin

CUNINGHAME, Lady F.—A Sin of the Soul. 6/-.
H. Cox

DAWE, W. C.—Yellow and White, 3/6 *net*.
Lane

Dialogues of the Day. Edited by Oswald Crawfurd, and written by A. Hope and others. 5/-.....Chapman

ELLIS, E. S.—The Path in the Ravine. 2/6.
Cassell

FARRELL, A.—Lady Lovan.....Hutchinson

FULMER, PETREL.—Grania Waile. 6/-...Unwin

GAUNT, M.—The Moving Finger. 3/6..Methuen

GILMORE, M.—The Woman Who Stood Between. 3/6.....Routledge

Gladys Woodley, or the Bride of Amiel, by Eglantine. 6/-.....Stock

GREEN, E. E.—In Taunton Town. 5/-..Nelson

GRIFFITH, G.—The Angel of the Revolution. 3/6..... Tower Pub. Co.

HAYLER, G.—George Proctor, the Teetotaler: a Story of the Temperance Movement. 3/6.
Partridge

HOCKING, J.—All Men are Liars. 3/6.
Ward, L.

HUNGERFORD, Mrs.—The Professor's Experiment, 3 vols. 15/-..... ...Chatto

LESLIE, E.—Sowing Beside all Waters. 3/6.
R. T. S.

MANWELL, M. B.—Little Miss. 2/6....R. T. S.

MARSHALL, E.—The Lady's Manor. 5/-..Nisbet

NORRIS, O. M.—Nadya: a Tale of the Steppes. 3/6.....R. T. S.

OPPENHEIM, E. P.—A Daughter of the Marionis. 6/- .....Ward & D.

ROBERT, Sir R. H.—Handicapped: a Novel. 2/6.
White

ROBINS, G. M.—To Set Her Free. 2 vols. 14/-
Hurst

ROTHWELL, C.—The Stolen Bishop. 3/6.
Leadenhall Press

RUSSELL, D.—A Country Sweetheart. 3/6.
Chatto

SHERARD, R. H.—Jacob Niemand: a Novel. 6/-.
Ward & D.

SOMERVILLE, E. A., and ROSS, M.—The Real Charlotte. 6/-.....Ward & D.

STOOKE, E. M.—Not Exactly. 3/6—Arrowsmith

STRAIN, E. H.—A Man's Foes. 3 vols. 15/-.
Ward, L.

STREET, L.—The Little Plain Woman and Others. 3/6.....Unwin

TURNER, E.—The Story of a Baby. 3/6.
Ward, L.

TURGENEV, I.—A Sportman's Sketches. Translated by C. Garnett. 2 vols. 6/- *net*.
Heinemann

TURGENIEFF, J.—Fathers and Children. 3/6 *net*.
Heinemann

WHITBY, B.—A Matter of Skill, and Other Stories. 3/6.....Hurst

YONGE, C. M.—The Carbonels. 3/6.
National Soc.

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

AMBLER, G. B.—On the Summit, and Other Poems. 2/-..... .....Stock

CARRODUS, J. T.—Chats to Violin Students on How to Study the Violin. 2/6..Strand Office

COOKE, P. J.—Handbook of the Drama. 2/6.
Roxburghe Press

FINDLATER, M. W.—Sonnets and Songs. 2/6.
Nutt

HAILSTONE, H.—Verses and Translations. 3/-.
Simpkin

KENNA, F.—Songs of a Season. 2/6.Melville, M.

MACFARLANE, J.—The Harp of the Scottish Covenant. 6/-.....Gardner

STANDING, P. C.—Chateaux en Espagne. 3/6.
Digby

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

AUBREY, W. H. S.—The Rise and Growth of the English Nation, vol. 2. 7/6.....Stock

CALVERT, A. F.—The Exploration of Australia. 10/6.....Philip

CARR, J. A.—The Life and Times of James Ussher, Archbishop of Armagh. 10/6.
Wells, Gardner

DE CRESPIGNY, R. C.—The New Forest, its Traditions, Inhabitants, and Customs. 7/6.
Murray

HANNA, H.B.—Indian Scientific Frontier: Where is it? What is it? 2/6.....Constable

HEPBURN, Rev. J. D.—Twenty Years in Khama's Country. 6/-..... Hodder & S.

INNES, M. C.—Memoir of Wm. Wolesley. 9/-.
K. Paul

LE NORMAND, Mlle. M. A.—The Historical and Secret Memoirs of the Empress Josephine. 2 vols. 22/- *net*.....Nichols

Liebig, J. von, Life and Work of, by W. A. Shenstone. 3/6.....Cassell

On Either Side of the Red Sea, by H. M. B, C. E. B., and T. B. 10/6 *net*.....Stanford

KERR, D. R.—St. Andrews in 1645–46. 2/6.
Blackwood

LELAND, C. G.—Hans Breitmann in Germany. Tyrol. 3/6.....Unwin

RANSOME, C.—An Advanced History of England. 7/6.....Rivington & P.

RAVEN, J. J.—The History of Suffolk. 7/6.
Stock

RUSSELL, P.—Sir Henry Irving. 6/-.Champness

SEEBOHM, H. E.—On the Structure of Greek Tribal Society. 5/- *net*.....Macmillan

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEWELL, E. M.—Outline History of Italy from the Fall of the Western Empire. 2/6. Longmans

SIMS, G. R.—Dagonet Abroad. 3/6.....Chatto

TRISTRAM, H. B.—Rambles in Japan. 10/6. R. T. S.

TYTLER, S.—Tudor Queens and Princesses. 5/-. Nisbet

USSHER, James, Archbishop of Armagh, Life and Times of, by J. R. Carr. 10/6...Wells & G.

WOODS, Mrs. R. W.—An Every-Day Life. 21/-. Leadenhall Press

SCIENCE, ART, PHILOLOGY, ETC.

ALDIS, Mrs. W. S.—Consider the Heavens; a Popular Introduction to Astronomy. 2/6. R. T. S.

CARROUE, P.—A New Book of the Commercial French Grammar. 4/6.... .....Lockwood

COLLET, H.—Water Softening and Purification. 5/-.....Spon

COMPARETTI, D.—Vergil in the Middle Ages. Translated by E. F. M. Benecke. 7/6.

DARBISHIRE, late H. D.—Reliquiæ Philologicæ: Essays and Comparative Philology. 7/6. Cambridge Press

Descriptive Album of London.....Simpkin

DONALDSON, H. H.—The Growth of the Brain. 3/6..... Scott

GAEVENITZ, Dr. G. VON SCHULZE.—The Cotton Trade in England and on the Continent. 5/-.....Simpkin

GLEN, R. C., and BETHUNE, A. A.—Law Relating to Streets and Buildings in the Metropolis. 25/-..... Knight

GREEN, Lieut.-Col. A. O.—A Practical Hindustani Grammar. Part 1, 8/6; Part 2, 7/6. Frowde

HEWITT, J. F.—The Ruling Races of Prehistoric Times in India, etc. Vol. 2. 12/-. Constable

HYSLOP, T. B.—Mental Physiology. 18/-. Churchill

JANNARIS, A. N.—Concise Dictionary of the English and Modern Greek Languages (English-Greek). 10/6.....Murray

JONES, R.—Peasant Rents, being the First Half of an Essay on the Distribution of Wealth. 3/- *net*.....Macmillan

KERR, R.—Hidden Beauties of Nature. 3/6. R. T. S.

LONEY, S. L.—Elements of Co-ordinate Geometry. 4/6.....Macmillan

LUCAS, W. J.—The Book of British Hawk-Moths 3/6.....Gill

MUTHER, R.—History of Modern Painting. Vol. 1. 18/- *net*.....Henry

NOCARD, E.—The Animal Tuberculoses and their Relation to Human Tuberculosis. Translated by H. Scurfield. 4/-....Bailliere

Pictures from *Punch*. Vol. 4, 6/-; vols. 3 and 4 in 1 vol., 10/6 .....Bradbury

PIRRIE, W.—A Technical Dictionary (English-French and French-English) of Sea Terms, Phrases and Words. 5/-.....Lockwood

RANSOME, J. S.—Modern Wood-Working Machinery. 3/6.....Rider

REYNOLDS, M.—First Principles of the Locomotive. Illustrated. 2/6.....Biggs

SARGENT, J. Y.—Dano-Norwegian Reader. 3/6. Sonnenschein

SAVAGE, E. B.—Sewerage and Sewage Disposal of a Small Town. 5/-.

SLEMAN, Surgeon-Captain.—The Volunteer Surgeon's Guide. 3/6.....Clowes

SNELL, E.—Eyesight and School Life. Illustrated. 2/6.....Simpkin

THOMPSON, D. W.—A Glossary of Greek Birds. 10/- *net*.....Frowde

THOMPSON, S. P.—Polyphase Electric Currents and Alternate Current Motors. 12/6..Spon

USHER, J. T.—The Modern Machinist. 9/-.Spon

MISCELLANEOUS.

BIRD, H. E.—Chess Novelties. 3/6.....Warne

MEADOWS, L.—Watched by Wolves, and Other Anecdotes of Animals. 2/6. Roxburghe Press

MILLER, Rev. J. R.—Home-Making. 3/6. S. S. U.

MILLER, J. R.—A Message for the Day: a Year's Daily Readings. 3/6.....Hodder & S.

NITTI, F. S.—Catholic Socialism. Translated by M. Mackintosh. 10/6 .....Sonnenschein

O'CONNOR, T. P.—Some Old Love Stories. Chapman

PARFAIT, P.—Pilgrimage Notes. Translated by a Denizen of Pump Court. 3/6.....Simpkin

SARGENT, H. R.—Thoughts upon Sport. 10/6. Simpkin

South-Western Railway Official Guide. Abridged and Popular Edition. 3/-.....Cassell

WRIGHT. G. H. B.—Was Israel Ever in Egypt? 7/6.....Williams & N.

CONTINENTAL.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

CATAT, L.—Voyage à Madagascar. 30 fr.

CLAUSEN, J. PAPST.—Honorius III (1216–1227). Eine Monographie. 5 M.

COLIN, E., et SUAU, P.—Madagascar et la Mission Catholique. 4 fr.

DREWS, A.—Die Deutsche Spekulation seit Kant. 2 vols. 12 M.

DUCÉRÉ, E.—Histoire Maritime de Bayonne: les Corsaires sous l'ancein regime. 12 fr.

GISLER, A.—Die Tellfrage. Versuch ihrer Geschichte und Lösung. 4 M. 20 c.

LANCIANA, R.—Forma urbis Romæ. Pars. 3. 25 fr.

MALNORY, A.—Saint Césaire, évêque d'Arles (503, 513). 8 fr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MASSON, F.—Cavaliers de Napoleon, illustré par É. Detaille. 60 fr.

NOLDE, Baron E.—Reise nach Innerarabein, Kurdistan und Arabien, 1892. 4 M. 50 c.

PETIT-DUTAILLIS, CH.—Etude sur la vie et la règne de Louis VIII (1187–1226). 16 fr.

REHME, P.—Das Eubecker Ober Stadtbuch. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der Rechtsquellen undes Liegenschaftsrechtes. 8 M.

STRUCK, F.—Die ältesten Zeiten des Theaters zu Stralsund-Stralsund. 3 M.

TRONCHIN, H.—Le Counseiller Francois Tronchin et ses Amis. 7 fr. 50 c.

SCIENCE, ART, PHILOLOGY, ETC.

BOEHM, J.—Die Gastropoden der Marmolatakalkes. 20 M.

Catalogue de la Bibliothèque technique du Cercle de la Librarie de Paris. 5 fr.

CLERMONT-GANNEAU, C.—Etudes d'archéologie Orientale. 5 fr.

DE LA GRASSERIE, R.—De L'Origine et de l'Évolution première des racines des langues. 10 fr.

DUPROIX, P.—Kant et Fichte et le Problème de l'Éducation. 7 fr. 50 c.

EBER, A.—Beiträge zur vergleichenden Morphologie der Unpaarzeher und Paarzeher-Fusses. 8 M.

JAFFE, F.—Die Architektur der Columbiachen Welt-Ausstellung zu Chicago, 1893. 8 M.

KNUTH, P.—Flora der nordfriestschen Inseln. 2 M. 50 c.

LÜTZOW, G.—Die Laubmoose Norddeutschlands. 4 M.

REVILLOUT, E.—Lettres sur les Monnaies Égyptiennes. 25 fr.

SALOMON, W.—Geologische und Paläontologische Studien über die Marmolata. 36 M.

SCHUMACHER, K.—Kastell Osterburken. 6 M.

SÉGLAS, J.—Leçons cliniques sur les Maladies mentales et Nerveuses. 14 fr.

SIEBS, TH.—Wastfriesische Studien. 3 M. 50 c.

WEYER, G. D. E.—Die Magnetitche Declination und ihre säculare Veranderung für. 48 Beobachtungsörter. 8 M.

FICTION, AND MISCELLANEOUS.

ADICKES, E.—Kant-Studien. 4 M.

DAUDET, E.—Don Rafaël: Adventures Espagnoles, 1807–8. 3 fr. 50 c.

FEER, LÉON.—Le Chaddanta-Jataka. 4 fr.

GYP.—Ces bons Normands. 3 fr. 50 c.

HELLO, E.—Le Siècle. 3 fr. 50 c.

KNAPP, P.—Ueber Orpheusdarstellungen. 2 M. 40 c.

MAISONNEUVE, H.—La Faute de Jeanne. 3 fr. 50 c.

Plauti Amphitruo. Ed. L. Havet. 6 fr.

SOME NEW NOVELS and NEW ISSUES IN FICTION.

A New Work by G. A. HENTY, the Prince of Story-tellers.

A GIRL OF THE COMMUNE.

By G. A. HENTY, author of "In Freedom's Cause," "With Lee in Virginia," etc. 12mo, handsome cloth, $1.25.

Fourth Edition Now Ready.

A GALLOWAY HERD.

By S. R. CROCKETT, author of "The Raiders," "The Stickit Minister," etc. 12mo, cloth, $1.00.

A delightful story of Scottish Moorland life, somewhat in the vein of "The Lilac Sunbonnet."

New ILLUSTRATED EDITIONS of J. M. Barrie's Famous Sketches of Scottish Peasatn Life and Character.

A WINDOW IN THRUMS.

AULD LICHT IDYLLS.

By J. M. BARRIE, author of "The Little Minister," etc. Each charmingly illustrated. 12mo, cloth, $1.25.

A New and Entrancing Work by JULES VERNE.

CAPTAIN ANTIFER.

By JULES VERNE, author of "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," etc. With 72 full-page illustrations. 12mo, handsome cloth, $1.25.

New Characteristic Story by MRS. OLIPHANT.

THE STORY OF A GOVERNESS.

By Mrs. M. O. W. OLIPHANT, author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," etc. 12mo, cloth, $1.25.

New ILLUSTRATED EDITIONS of Hall Caine's Notable Manx Stories.

THE DEEMSTER.

A SON OF HAGAR.

By HALL CAINE, author of "The Scapegoat," "The Manxman," etc. Characteristically illustrated. Each, in cloth, $1.25.

For Sale by all Booksellers, or sent, post free, by the Publishers, on receipt of price.

R. F. FENNO & COMPANY, Publishers, 112 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK.

Please mention THE BOOKMAN in writing to advertisers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED